

The GUARDIAN

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THE GUARDIAN

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Irene Lagut is a French artist of considerable repute.

Withrow Morse is Professor of Physiological Chemistry at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. He has published a series of scientific papers relating to Clinical Medicine and Physiological Chemistry.

Lewis Mumford, New York, is well known as the author of "The Story of Utopias" and "Sticks and Stones."

Gorham B. Munson appeared in the first number of *The Guardian*. He is the author of "Waldo Frank: a Study."

Genevieve Taggard, Connecticut, is an editor of "The Measure", and author of "For Eager Lovers", a book of verse.

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The Censor and Society

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

Our current discussions of censorship are usually futile because they assume that men's thoughts and behaviour are free until they are curbed by the censor, and that the censorship itself is a moral agency for disciplining our inherent wildness and subduing it to civilization. The true nature of the case, it seems to me, is exactly the opposite: censorship exists in the very nature of society, and men are neither free nor civilized until they have escaped.

Between conduct and thought there is an essential difference. Living in society, we find our conduct hedged and limited in innumerable ways, from the rule of the road to the elaborate etiquette of eating; and we accept all these little modifications because, to tell the truth, only a brute or a God could live among his fellows without them. Because the province of the censor is so wide in society, we easily transfer our habits of deference and obedience to a field that is essentially outside the scope of social regulation; namely, the mind of the solitary person and the literature of the community; and to the extent that we do this we prevent literature from performing the very office that makes it of use in a civilized group.

Almost every honest effort of thought or imagination is an attempt to escape the besetting censorship of life in society; by the fact that it exists, a work of literature defies the censor. One might, in fact, include with pure literature the whole idolom of scientific thought, too, for both literature and science are the several instruments by which we escape the dull routine of sense, the drift of traditional belief, the acceptance of prescribed modes of conduct, and all the various biases against which Bacon warned the scientific investigator; with their aid we enter a realm of the mind where the values that pass

back and forth across the counter of daily life are put on the scales, reweighed, and perhaps reminded.

Without the sense of release that imaginative literature gives, a good part of our existence would be but a sleeping and a forgetting. How did literature, indeed, come into existence? Is not one of the reasons the fact that the censor works so constantly in all one's social relations that a fresh environment must be created in which the mind may work more freely—and honestly? When doctrines or scenes come into art or literature that run counter to the prevailing standards in society, or counter to the current expressions of those standards, we may be pretty sure that literature is performing one of its essential offices; that is, to shock the mind from its daily stupours and permit that which was concealed beneath the rind of custom to be exposed.

The salacious stories of the popular magazines escape the attention of the censorship, and Mr. D. H. Lawrence attracts them, not because the writers in the first are sweetminded and Mr. Lawrence is obscene, but because Mr. Lawrence breaks with the *mores* of respectable philistines who prefer to keep the spiritual exactions of sexual intercourse concealed. To any candid mind, on the other hand, it is plain that when Mr. Lawrence depicts the effect of physical passion and strain upon men and women in love he is as much a moralist as Mrs. Stowe was when she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Those who accepted the regime of slavery in America resented "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and would have censored it mercilessly had they had the power: did it not tend to unsettle the essential order and promote disrespect for the law? So, too, those who accept the placid slaveries and duplicities of our sexual life are annoyed by Mr. Lawrence, and feel that the pillars of

society are being shaken — or at least that somebody is committing a nuisance in their vicinity. Just as nice people before the Civil War preferred not to think of the inevitable sadism of plantation life, nice people to-day prefer that sex should remain in the realm of the deviously alluring — associated with a South Sea Island, but never with the hint that the Island might be a volcano.

What the "Clean Books" advocates really object to is not indecency but authentic imaginative literature. The sort of censorship which enables vulgar fiction to flourish and which would emasculate works of literature whose aim is the enlargement of the bounds of personality, is obviously as insincere as it is futile: it would permit sex, for instance, to be drab and furtive and theatrical; but it will not permit it to flower publicly into a glory of sensual ecstasy: it is a censorship which cannily acknowledges the charms of harlots and denies the happiness of lovers. One need not enlarge upon the farcical character of our latterday crusades against obscene books at the very moment when the air is full of ribald songs: plainly, it is against our reaching any depths of spiritual experience that the censors aim. Besides, we have been a little timid in taking up the challenge which our specialists in obscenity and indecency lay down. One of the answers to charges of such obscenity as one finds in the "Decameron" or in "Jurgin" is not to deny its existence for a "pure" mind but to affirm its value. The official censors are not merely inimical to literature; they are curiously perverted on matters of faith and morals. Let us remind them, then, of the Dionysia and of Mayday: let us frankly admit that it is not in spite of their obscenity that Shakespeare and Rabelais and a great choir of other writers are read, but partly because of it.

Our moralists are really imperfectly disciplined men; they cannot, it seems, think of sipping wine without being overcome by a horror of drunkenness; their extreme of purity is really an extreme of depravity, and they live in that wretched zone where the blessed and the damned exchange places. If it is an occasional obscenity that the Clean Books League and the Purity Leagues are worrying about, by all means let us have a showdown on this point. What they call obscenity, these moralists, is a normal incident of life; an interest in it is a normal interest; and to single it out, to set it apart, and violently to call attention to it at every opportunity is, to say the least, an inverted priapism.

The notion that life can be made altogether sterile and pure and free from any sort of indecency or "contamination" is absurd: a thoroughly antiseptic mind belongs to a mummy and not to a saint. The poisons of life create their own antidote; and as Mr. Gilbert Cannan once happily said, a flowing stream will rid itself of almost any impurity—the important thing being to maintain the flow, and not, at any particular moment, the purity of its chemical contents. In literature, it is the existence of a deliberate tight-lipped censorship that keeps life from coming through without leaving the incidental purities as an ugly residue behind. Compare Rabelais's "Gargantua", with its large and delightful obscenities, as healthy and natural as the flow of blood through the tissues, with Mark Twain's horrid little sketch called "1601". What in Rabelais is obscenity has been thoroughly sunned by

a creative imagination, so that it is really as sweet as the body of a fish one may pick up on a hot, sandy beach, cleaned and dried by the elements; whereas Mark Twain's obscenity is something that has been left to fester in the dark places of the mind, like a dead rat, until, without a spark of humour, he dragged it into the light, into the half-light, of "1601."

How plain it is from this comparison that nothing is ever spiritually degraded until it is divorced from its natural environment and, as we say, out of place. A naked figure on the sea-shore is a sight for the gods, even the gallery-gods: a naked woman devoured by a hundred lecherous eyes at a stag-party would put all heaven in a rage. When genuine literature is emasculated and fig-leaved, the field gets pretty evenly divided between the Podsnaps and the panders; indeed, it is the division into two distinct compartments, which Podsnap promotes, that gives his anti-vice societies so much work to perform. As the repression deepens, the rhythm of reaction deepens too, so that we have the familiar examples of Puritanism and the Restoration, and the age of Victorian "lilies and languors" is quickly tagged by the poet singing of the "roses and raptures of vice."

The point that I am making is that the tendency of direct censorship is not to diminish or do away with the elements in life to which the Puritan objects—some of those elements are very permanent indeed — but to remove those topics from literature, where, with a hundred other things that concern humanity, they have a place. Our censors have given themselves up to the fantastic notion that a censorship on books is a means of keeping in a state of matutinal innocence Mr. Podsnap's young female, and every one else who may aspire to a similar state of beatitude; whereas it is quite plain that a dirty scrawl on a wall or a whispered joke may smash at a blow the elaborate glass case in which Podsnap would keep intact what he calls virtue. There is no way in which Podsnap can reach the wretched little boy who has learned an obscene word; no way in which he can spy out and manhandle the young ladies who sometimes tell naughty stories to each other; no way in which the incidents his mind revolts at can be entirely obliterated from consciousness. So what does he do; how does he perpetrate his will-to-prohibit?

Why, he seizes upon literature, as a symbol of the mental life of the community he is so anxious to wrap in cotton-batten; and he transfers to the literary man, who is portraying life as he feels it and knows it, all of the censor's wrath against the dirty little boy and the sophisticated young lady and the hundred other "demons of contamination." It would be an incredible puerility, this censorship, if we conceived it as attempting intelligently to carry out the purpose at which it aims; one can understand it only when one recognizes that the censorship of books — tangible objects that can be blackened with marks of expurgation or charred in the flames—is only emblematic of the control over other people's minds and private lives that the censor would seek to exercise. In the very nature of the case, the overt censor has a repressed psyche; in the very nature of the case, also, he has a residue of ordinary human impulses and habits; and so he attempts to repress in the community certain anarchic figments which he discovers, to his horror, in the interior of his own mind; and he transfers,

sometimes to quite innocent literary passages, the interests which are uppermost in his mind, whilst he attaches to those interests the stigma of holy reproach.

In attempting to modify the mind of a community by passing on the books it reads, the censor is engaged in a futile task, in the long run; but it is not altogether wrong-headed of him to take the book as a symbol of that mental life; for a book is a publication in more than one sense: it is in fact a making public of the ideas that had been hidden in the minds of the author and his readers. So when middle-class England is thinking vaguely of the rottenness of private schools and the misery of debtor's prisons, Dickens brings these thoughts to light; when the youth of Germany are inchoately rebelling against the rigid discipline of the schools and the bald tyranny of sexual ignorance, Wedekind gives them "The Spring's Awakening". One may very well say that it would be a sweeter, happier world if the Squeerses, the Bumbles, and the Dodsons and Fogs did not exist; but who now would dare say, with some of Dickens' American contemporaries, that "Nicholas Nickleby" was vicious and degrading?

The censor who would keep books that deal with these matters from being published is attempting to correct in literature something which can be corrected only in society. Were our communities governed by Platonic Guardians, they would consult the literature of the day, as the augurs of old consulted the entrails, in order to detect diseases and weaknesses in society which are not always on the surface; and when any work of literature seemed to them degraded or vicious in tendency, they would, I fancy, gravely thank the author for calling to their attention a tendency in the community they had not, perhaps, sufficiently examined or taken account of. If there is a rottenness at the core of our community, the effect of censorship is only to promote an outward order and decency, whilst it drives below the surface the elements that literature exposes, and in the act of exposing, ventilates, cauterizes, and sanifies.

It comes to this: there is no protection against literature that is socially bad, in the sense that Plato thought some of the Homeric tales bad for children, except by building up a robust temporal and spiritual life, full of active experiences, full of imagination, full of boundless healthy appetites and tastes. In short, the only effective way to banish "bad" books is to banish the conditions and the interests that give them readers. The promotion of a flourishing literature is one of the ways in which this is done; for literature, along with art and ritual, takes the hidden impulses of the solitary individual and leads them out into open and public spaces, converting a private dream, or a crippled dream, or a petty dream into the great dreams of the imaginative writers. Literature escapes the minor censorships of the sectarian groups only to expand the impulses of the reader towards a wider circle of thought than the family, the club, or the workshop recognizes. To arrest this movement for the sake of some petty conformity to the rules of good conduct or good taste is to girdle the tree and keep the sap itself from rising. A healthy literary organism will throw off or be impervious to the fungi that may cling to its trunk; whereas a dead organism or a sick one has no power of resistance, and all that is decadent and unhealthy in the mental life of a community will multiply upon it. No society can protect itself from the evils of its constitution by com-

mitting suicide: a group that attempts to protect itself against "disintegrating" thought may finally be defeated by the lack of any thought. That is why censorship is stupid as well as, in the long run, futile, for it is an attempt at mental suicide, and it is aimed precisely at the points in the world of ideas—religious agitation in the sixteenth century, political criticism in the eighteenth, social *mores* in the twentieth—in which the signs of growth are most vigorous.

If I have emphasized the question of obscenity in this discussion, it is only because it is for the present the centre of attention, and the part upon which a large amount of pious and simple-minded nonsense has been talked, as much by those who have stood for freedom as by those who have opposed it. In the acute attack that Mr. Ernest Boyd made against the Anti-Vice Society in "The Dial" a year or two ago, he was content to rest the case against censorship upon the fact that in all "civilized" countries the prosecution of books is undertaken by civil authorities, and not upon the complaint of officious individuals like Mr. Sumner, whom Mr. Boyd happens to dislike. This gives the case against censorship away with scarcely half a fight; and there is really much more point in the contention Professor Stuart Sherman recently made, to the effect that, whether or not censorship is desirable, our standards are much too uncertain to impose any one code upon books, since ten men love what we hate and scorn what we cherish.

Mr. Bernard Shaw committed, it seems to me, much the same error as Mr. Boyd: when he sought to escape the censorship of the King's Censor of Plays, an eighteenth century worthy, and pointed out that there was a remedy against obscenity in police prosecution. These objections to an overt censorship tend to change the venue of the trial; but they do not alter the terms upon which it is conducted; they still leave a way open for assiduous busybodies to pervert the facts of history in school textbooks on "patriotic" grounds, and to prohibit the teaching of the theory of evolution on quaint theological grounds. If our broader discussion has any point at all, it should be plain that these several attempts at censorship all come under the same general head, and that they may be answered by saying that the life of the mind is autonomous, and in the nature of things is not subject, for very long, to temporal control.

Every variety of censorship is inimical to the free activity of the mind. Contrariwise, the active mind is inevitably inimical to censorship. Therefore, if a community is not to be regimented with a Spartan hardness, as Plato pictured it in "The Republic", there is no alternative to freedom except extinction. Those who would suppress disagreeable or false ideas by administrative methods are playing a game which is dangerous in proportion to its acceptance and affirmation by the whole community; and if they persist in their little game the mental life of the community, always sluggish, always fitful, and always, alas! inadequate, will tend to vanish altogether; that is to say, such gleams of a civilized life as occasionally play over the surface of society will disappear. The Dark Ages are always at hand: so far from following the fall of Rome, they are the cause of it, and civilization is the perpetual escape into freedom and light.

REUNION

BY L. M. HUSSEY

He cursed that chance meeting on the street, and yet he seemed bound to his word given then as though he had granted it on a terrible oath. It had been many a year since he had scrupled about his word; nothing was lighter than his promises, for they were easy like the air and gone with the breath of saying them. Why must he keep this promise?

The miserable gas-jet flickered with his every movement in the stuffy room. Why, indeed, did he go about anxiously cleaning the spots from his trousers, brushing his coat that glistened at the elbows and caught a greasy high light along the seams? He found no answer, for he would never admit to himself that he was flattered. Nevertheless, this unexpected invitation moved his vanity. More than that, it restored him for a time to a forgotten respectability. It made him as good as the rest; they met once more; it was his right to be with them!

He fumbled with his shoe-laces and they snapped with his maladroitness. Layers of blacking laid on greasily like paint on an ancient harlot's face could not conceal the scuffed tips of his shoes. There were frayed ravelings on his trousers' cuffs; he snipped them with the scissors. With fingers as thick as bottles and stiffer than old hickory he laboriously sewed a button on his shirt. His breath came hard; he panted curses. What a ruin, what a miserable decay! His spirit swelled wrathfully against the fortune that had destroyed it.

Someone was to blame, and if not an individual, then life, which suddenly became personified. He dropped the needle, raised his face, and looked about the room with fierce eyes. The courage of his resentment boiled in his blood and he longed for an antagonist to rend and tear. But the room was dead, and there was a musty transpiration from its decayed furnishings, almost palpitantly visible, like the wavering of the air above a heated surface. But he was used to this atmosphere; his nose had lost the sense for it. The angry glitter went out of his eyes and they finally rested for a moment on the stained face of his alarm clock ticking on the bureau. It was growing late; he leapt to his feet.

He became convulsive with activity. He jerked about the room like a rusty marionette. He puffed, he wheezed; his hands trembled and his feet shot out in opposite directions. He dropped his collar buttons and crawled under the bed to retrieve them. In the expedition of his shaving he cut his chin three times and stuck three temporary bits of newspaper over the cuts to quench the blood. His lean old face grew red and

purple with excitement and a kind of palsy shook his body from head to foot.

Then he plastered his hair with water and curried it furiously with a mangey brush. He peered into the mirror over his bureau searching behind the fly specks for his face. The long, swollen nose, covered with purple veins like a map of tiny rivers stood out hugely, and all the other features retired. The cheeks were concavities, the eyes were hollows, the thin lips were scarcely apparent. Nevertheless, his silver hair was an ornament and it glistened like scoured plate. It gave dignity to his miseries as the immaculate shroud dignifies an unworthy dead. He stared for a while and then, surprisingly, he smiled.

There was a sort of pride in his smile for he had seen something in his face that enlivened a pride-bequeathing memory. Indeed, he had scarcely perceived his true face at all, but the recollection of another face that was, for the instant, brought back to reality. It was the sudden thought of the evening now before him, of this gathering with the friends of his youth, that abruptly deceived his eyes with a glimpse of his youthful countenance. A part of that restoration entered his blood like the desiderate aqua vitae of the old adventures. He stiffened his shoulders, he stood erect and a former assurance altered him by a transforming grace. His hands ceased to tremble, the uncertainty left his feet, and he stepped across the room with the boldness of security.

When he emerged to the street he walked swiftly to the corner and there he paused, looking down at the pavement, up at the brick wall of an old house, and across toward the lighted window of a store. His eyes searched the spot like a man who recalls an old adventure on the revisited site of its enactment. What he remembered, however, was not some happening of years ago, but the very recent event when Harley clapped him on his back and called out his name.

By the living Lord, the years had changed him but they had changed Harley too and when he turned and looked into the broad face of this smiling man there was no recognition in his eyes.

"Jimmy Martin!" exclaimed Harley. "So you don't know me, you old dog! Can't blame you—but I knew you in a moment. How long has it been? Thirty years! I knew you right away and I just now said to myself, 'By God, that's Jimmy Martin, here in town!' Do you believe thirty years would ever make me forget that long nose — longer than ever, Jimmy! In the old days I saw you poke it too often into

those one quart steins at The Cabin; never could forget. How's the old capacity?"

Here on this particular corner they stood and revived their college reminiscences and Harley told him of the reunion for the following week. It astonished him then to think that, drifting back to the old town after a lifetime of absence, he should meet an old face the first day and be remembered for his old self. For, assuredly, there had been nothing counterfeit in Harley's cordial invitation; moreover, when Harley looked at him he did not see him as he was, in his condition of uttermost declension, but as he used to be; the memory was the reality.

Then he was remembered! He was remembered for some forgotten self that was buried to himself but veritably alive in other minds. For days after that meeting he sat in his room reconstructing his previous personality. He scarcely credited to the history of his own life the facts he revived. It was as if he recalled the memory of some other life once intimately known to him. He remembered former prides and old extravagances; they were fabulous with the separating years. He thought of friends; their faces were remote. He, Jimmy Martin, seated in his room, had no friends. He thought of women; and adventure, incredibly scented, returned and lingered like an odor of musk.

It made him weak to think so persistently; his head throbbed with a dull pain. He felt himself trembling and he knew that he must revive himself immediately. So every day, after these struggles with his recollections, he left his room and went two blocks around the corner to a barroom where the bartender cautiously poured him a drink out of a small pitcher, making the transfer under the counter.

These were terrible days for a drinking man when fifty cents bought you a grudging glass of some watered stuff that aroused without quenching a craving. And he missed the hospitality of his familiar barrooms; why had he drifted back to the old town after so many years? There was no answer for that, as there was no answer for anything in his life; he had long since ceased the futile questioning of events. Now in his old age he was no more than an organism of mute acceptance and his wants were very few.

That is to say, he had truly only one need and it was the provision of enough whiskey to keep the warmth of life in his blood. It was the necessary fuel of his existence and he knew he would die without it as a fire subsides and expires when the coals burn out without renewal. With this necessity, he was perpetually depraved by anxiety; his anxious need had lived with him for years and it was less bearable than simple poverty since humility could not make it acceptable; there was nothing humble in his craving. It was insistent, it was tormenting.

But when his whiskey was assured, and he held up the small glass in his hand and regarded for a moment the spirituous glint within, he venerated it, he held it, like a sacred symbol, in reverence. This was a long idolatry and he could scarcely recall his unconverted days. But dimly he could remember a time when the means of worship were more plentiful. The meeting with Harley had set him to remembering and frag-

ments of his easy days were restored like legends of a remote life. Through a foggy vista he perceived his younger self, the time of heroic spending, the several years that followed upon his father's death. He could not separate the events, nor recreate their sequence; he recalled, instead, many nights of noise, light and singing, tables spread with linen and bottles crowding upon this immaculate surface as by an extraordinary conjury, hands pushed forward to press his own, hands eager for his clasp, the faces of girls, the scents of perfumes, the self-made gestures of magnificence. He could not sustain these recollections for they were too fabulous and too remote.

Nevertheless, as he stood on the corner thinking of his meeting with Harley, the recognition of a former mood came back to him and was, in a measure, his own again. Harley and the others remembered him from his expansive days, when he was a fellow of stupendous zests. By God! now he could see himself, he could feel his old pride, his old tremendous mood of possessing the world. The ghost of that mood fired him once more; he stepped forward, he swung briskly around the corner. He tramped hard on the pavement and expanded his lungs with air.

They did not guess his declension. He thought of the thousand times when he had stood thirstily in a drinking place with his skinny hands pushed far into his pockets; empty pockets. His miserable income, the inadequate remnant of his early plenty, was invariably gone in the first weeks of each month and how the final fortnight dragged through an eternity of parched privation! A thousand times he had stood, diffidently away from the bar, and pleaded doggishly with his eyes for one necessary swallow. Harley knew nothing of this; not one of them surmised his degradation.

Therefore, he was fiercely elated. He was restored, by this miracle of their ignorance, to the semblance of a forgotten dignity. Even now his tongue was dry and there was a familiar thirst in his throat; nevertheless, he seemed to have conquered the chief torments of his thirst. He was no longer enslaved by it and he would never, in the forthcoming days, plead like a beggar for an unpurchasable glass. He was strong; he was miraculously his old self again.

He turned into Broad Street and raised his eyes to the spectacle of shifting lights. The automobiles wound sinuously through the paths of traffic and in their uninterrupted sequence they resembled a monstrous segmented snake lighted by innumerable pairs of baleful yellow eyes. He turned northward and paused in front of a theatre where he mingled momentarily with a crowd to which he seemed at least acceptable. He was one of them and no longer felt the isolation of a pariah. Glistening motors glided like sleek cats to the curb and from their cushioned interiors descended men and women with the grace of youth and fine assurance. Martin looked at their faces and smiled with their smiles. He did not draw back, he did not shrink away. They passed by, and now and then a cloak brushed him in passing; he felt an old familiarity with these contacts.

He walked on; his shoulders were rigid and his head was drawn back stiffly, so that he walked like an officer on parade. A hundred emotions of regeneration surged warmly in him

like separate fires kindled in his heart. A tall girl, as slim and graceful as a willow branch, passed by and he turned to look after her. She evoked a sudden memory as if, in passing, she had whispered some arousing word. A long-persisting fog lifted from his recollections and he remembered another girl, whom the grace of this one recalled, and how he had known her in the intimacy of other years. His mind was in a moment redolent with the perfume of amorous recollections but while more than one girl was given back to memory the slender girl remained like a presiding grace.

It astounded him to remember how he had once desired her; how distant were the emotions of his youth! He saw her again, the gracile detail of her face and then she faded as other memories strove for restoration. It was marvellous to know that his life had once contained so much variety of incident; the crowded life of his other days dignified him with its many deeds. Everything existed in the past; there was nothing in the recent years. He might have been long asleep in some enchantment, dreaming a single tormenting dream. For three decades he had done only one thing, he had gone back and forth between barrooms bearing the burden of an interminable thirst.

But Harley did not know; the others were unaware. They remembered only his eventful days and could not guess the others. Moreover, he was truly his old self again; he was no longer the slave of a parched throat. He swallowed to convince himself and his throat was dry; a great lump stuck there and gagged him. He breathed in gasps, his flat chest dilated painfully, he experienced a swift suffocation. Furthermore, his feet and hands were cold and there was a sort of trembling in his muscles. There was a sort of ague that possessed him suddenly like the premonitory chill of a fever. He touched his tongue to his lips and discovered them cracked and dry. He raised his eyes and stared at the barroom on the opposite corner.

It was a necessity; in some strange way he found himself ill. One drink would restore his strength like a medicine of potent charm. He crossed hurriedly and entered through a door of frosted panels. The bartender, in these prohibitory days suspicious of all new faces, turned upon Martin an appraising eye. Martin fumbled in his pockets and drew out a single half dollar, placing it upon the counter like a talisman. He opened his compressed lips; he spoke a single word.

"Tea!" he whispered.

The bartender still examined him. But there was that in Martin's aspect which reassured uncertainty; the mapped capillaries of his swollen nose, the sunken lack-lustre of his eyes, the bluish line of his parched lips, the trembling extension of his hand convinced the bartender that here was a customer genuine in his need. He stooped under the bar, filled a small glass, and pushed it across the counter. Martin seized it in his hand, but before he swallowed the vibrant fluid he held it aloft a moment, up to the light, as if this were a ceremonial gesture requisite to the act. He tilted back his head and as the liquid passed into his mouth his larynx moved up and down convulsively like a bit of disarticulated bone. The business

was done; he passed his hand across his mouth and left the barroom.

On the street again his former mood was reascendant. Presently he wondered at his sudden sickness and then he declared to himself that there was only one legitimate use for whiskey and this use was medicinal. Whiskey was a great, restoring medicine; otherwise it was an abomination. He shrugged his shoulders. He no longer feared its abomination. He was released from that as from a spell.

It was important now that no one should guess his years-long enchantment. There was a faltering of his assurance and, nearing the place of appointment, he wondered if anyone assembled there knew even a little of his terrible weakness. But how could they even guess? It was an absurd fear. Nevertheless, he must be careful. He must deport himself with dignity, and, if his clothing seemed a trifle shabby, he must wear it like an eccentricity.

Much, indeed, might come out of this evening's chance, out of this fortunate meeting. Harley was a prosperous man, they were all men of affairs! He savoured that common phrase, repeating it to himself in a whisper, discovering a magic suggestiveness in the words. Suppose Harley or one of the others would make him a proposal, suggest some business, acquaint him with a magic chance for profit? Within presumption it might happen. Such an outcome was all but assured. In short, by tonight's encounter he would be elevated from his miseries as by an act of God.

He paused at the curb, spat into the street as if to clear his inner self of a lingering venom, and was again renewed in assurance. His consciousness appeared to withdraw partially out of his body and in this detachment it regarded his corporeal person and observed it to grow momentarily in stature and importance. He himself was on the point of becoming a man of affairs, weighty with responsibilities and replete with dignities. He dressed his image in a silk hat and suspended a long tailed coat from his shoulders. He made gestures with his hands that denoted expansive authority; he nodded his head, and a decision of importance was accomplished.

Now he reached the street and at last the house and for a second he stood at the foot of the marble steps instructing himself as if he were a child. His success, the whole engaging promise of his future, depended upon his subsequent deportment, upon his manner and address once he entered through the door above. Above all things, he must betray no humility; what an accursed misfortune that his past necessities had sometimes forced him to be humble! But all the beseeching looks and all the bartenders beseeched were now behind him. He mounted the steps, he rang the bell.

A man-servant admitted him, but in a moment Harley was shaking his hand and through the tobacco smoke others advanced to meet him with cordial exclamations. They mentioned their names and some of these names he dimly remembered, but he pretended to the recollection of them all. He was proud to find himself so well remembered for there was no one in the room who failed in any particular of remem-

brance. They all smiled, they all shook his hand; they clapped him on the back.

Nevertheless, he was a little bewildered. The room was excessively large, his feet sank with unaccustomed luxury into the thick nap of the carpet and there was something heady in the embalsamed fragrance of the good cigars. He could not feel entirely at ease and he strove with his humility as with a cunning antagonist. He must be one and equal with these men—they were the companions of his youth—but he desired strongly to draw to oneside, to hold his hands across his belly like a meek petitioner, and to wait, with patient attitude, for some beneficence.

The manservant appeared with a decanter, a syphon and a tray of glasses. Someone was forcing a brimming glass into his hand. He felt a touch of his old weakness and he took the glass thankfully, tilted back his head and absorbed the liquor with convulsive deglutition. An instant warmth enlivened him and the necessity of humility dropped from his spirit like a shabby cloak.

Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he crossed the room and standing a little apart from the others he stared up at a painting, the full-length portrait of a woman, that, centrally hung, divided the wall with a chromatic partition. He suddenly remembered an old jargon that the years had seemingly obliterated from his mind. Once, long ago, he had been able to talk about pictures in knowing words and some of these words returned to him, although their meanings remained obscure.

He found Harley standing near him and almost automatically he murmured:

"Good tone; good composition!"

Harley agreed and spoke a certain formula himself to which Martin acquiesced. The manservant drew near with the decanter and glasses. Resolutely he filled a glass and emptied it immediately. He turned and looked about the room.

These men were in no way his superiors. A better grace of fortune had given them more ease perhaps, but in spirit he matched them every one. He felt his spirit expanding as it were a swiftly growing thing within his breast. He expanded his chest and breathed in full inspirations. What man among these assembled had suffered a single privation, felt the misery of a single insistent want? Now he recalled his miseries, but they were long passed and assuredly they would never return, and so he was proud of his suffering, like a martyr.

Without the least timidity, in fact with a sort of conscious arrogance, he crossed the room and filled another glass, which he emptied. Someone addressed him; he replied and they spoke together for a moment and presently they both filled their glasses and wished each other a health. Martin, in a profound glow, caressed by a sense of well-being such as an appeased hunger might bring, crossed the room again attracted by the brilliant colouring of the woman in the portrait.

She stood on a garden, near the column of a sun dial,

and a wind disarranged her sunlit hair and rippled in folds across her frock. She was tall, she was gracile. Suddenly he was oppressed with a profound sadness and the sunlight of the portrait seemed to mock him as if it were the ghostly semblance of a sunlight lost to him forever.

Then for a haunting instant he saw again the face that had returned on the street and even her name was on his lips once more. It was Marie and he could feel his youthful want of her, he could perceive the forgotten illusions of which her presence was unfailingly the evocation. For a second his incredible youth was real, poignant with wanting, insistent with expectations, buoyant with assurance. He stepped back from the picture, holding his hand cupped across his eyes.

Inarticulate accusations thronged upon him and he accused himself of he knew not what misdeeds. His mood was intolerable with self-reproach; he lacked the strength for reproaches. He was to himself pitiable and tears gushed up in the corners of his eyes. He felt his miseries complete as if he had heard, in that particular moment, the authoritative voice of a distressing judgment. He was weak, he was trembling.

As if drawn magnetically to that necessary, saving spot, he found himself near the little table upon which were placed the glasses and the decanter. He filled his glass whilst his hand shook with a brief palsy. He swallowed the fluid and refilled the glass. The two deep swallows restored him. What a curious weakness! Now he could scarcely remember it. It was concerned, in some fantastic way, with the picture across the room, but when he raised his eyes to the picture he could make nothing of it for the colours swam in a sort of crazy iridescence.

He was conscious once more of his companions in the room. Suddenly he was of the impression that they watched him. He grew cunning, his mind acquired a swift finesse. Let them observe him with every particular of minute attention; he would betray nothing. They would find in him nothing but an appropriate dignity and a suavity of manner suitable to his genius. He refilled his glass and raised it to the assemblage; he called out to them and drank the health of all.

It was evident that they applauded him, not with the vulgarity of clapping hands, but with their eyes, with their attitudes. He smiled with complacency. He was, in effect, exhibiting himself as if he were alone upon a stage. They watched him, they admired him. Not one of them suspected.

He turned upon himself abruptly, with an angry accusation. What could they suspect? His fears were paltry! There was indeed nothing for the substance of suspicion. If he chose to live as he did, if it satisfied him to wear clothes that were not entirely of the mode, if, in fact, he was pleased to be hungry occasionally, to be ill when he chose, to sleep badly or to struggle with harassing dreams, these were his predilections and peculiarities; they were essential to his nature. No man could deny him dignity. His life was complete, it encompassed his desires, and from no one in the room would he deign to ask a favour. He filled his glass.

He walked rather wearily to a chair and when he was seated he discovered the full extent of his exhaustion. His

eyes closed and the voices in the room became at once remote like the hum of insects heard from a distant field. He was no longer conscious of the spoken words and while he did not sleep, a stuporous half-sleep possessed him entirely. A long time seemed to pass and then he was aroused by the noise of laughter. He struggled back to consciousness and heard his own name pronounced.

For a while he was aware that they were talking upon the theme of himself, but he was indifferent. Then, little by little, he listened and as his ears became receptive to the sense of words; he heard Harley say:

"I saw him on the street and he looked so confoundedly miserable that I pitied him. I thought I'd invite him here tonight and let him be in decent company at least once more. But hasn't he gone completely to the devil! I'd never have believed it! He's rum-dum for fair. It's got him. No use trying to do anything, no use . . ."

Slowly Martin stood upon his feet. He fought to keep his equilibrium and he swayed back and forth like an unrhymic pendulum. He understood the words of Harley and there was a deep resentment in his soul. So, in this fashion he had been debased and misjudged! It was incredible.

Nevertheless, the true spirit of his dignity remained. He would not suffer for another moment the hospitality of such a graceless host. He would walk in the gravity of his disdain across the room and out of the house and no one of them would see him ever again. But they would remember him! they would remember the grave gesture of his departure. And by this memory they would in the end reconstruct their notion of his character and they would dress him finally in the appropriate garments of his aloof contempt.

He stood up. Someone laid a hand on his shoulder, but he shook off the detaining fingers as if the touch defiled him. The manservant was ready with his hat, otherwise he would have departed without it. He descended the marble steps ignoring the expostulatory voices that called over his shoulders. The voices ceased; he was alone on the street.

Then a cold wind blew up the street, humid and raw, and he thought of all the cavernous dampness of the city, the thousands of cellars, the conduits and mouldy pipes and he shivered fearfully with his thoughts. He was cold and a hard lump stuck terribly in his throat. His lips were dry, his

tongue was parched, he was horribly athirst. With a sort of tumbling terror he pushed his long fingers down into every pocket, but every pocket was empty. He was without a penny; it was piteous!

Then he wept, but suddenly he remembered the affront he had suffered and his bitterness dried his tears. But even the agreeable thought of his splendid departure could not hide for long the fact of his thirst. He was more than thirsty; he was, in fact, dying, and the heat of life was ebbing out of his body with every pulse of his heart. There was a cold, disastrous terror in his blood, and there on the street he shook with it until his trousers flapped about his skinny legs.

He searched his pockets again, in a frenzy of despair, and failing as before, he looked down at his feet as if in the vague hope that God had provided the price of a drink, like manna dropped from the sky. There was nothing; the pavement stretched away for miles, it converged to two vague points, and upon this whole expanse, farther than the eye could reach, there was nothing.

Then he heard voices, and looking up the street he saw familiar figures approaching. He saw them come out of the house, descend the marble steps, and approach him. The company was departing! Some of them would pass by and now, even in the extremity of his need, he would again ignore them. He would stand statuesque on the pavement, scarcely breathing, in his fixed disdain.

So he stood and watched them pass, and when one took his arm and sought to lead him away, he pulled back angrily, and the man, shrugging his shoulders, went on. They passed, warm in their thick coats, laughing and calling to one another, and now and then he heard the jingle of money in their pockets. They were the friends of his youth, but he despised them now.

But, when the main company was gone, and he saw that he would be alone again, his terror and his thirst returned unbearably. There was still a figure near enough to hail, and calling, he ran after this straggler from the main group.

"What is it, Martin?" the figure asked; and then, twisting his hands together in supplication, Martin stated his dire need, repeating it again and again.

"A drink . . . Give me the price of a drink for God's sake. Give me the price of a drink for the love of God!"

Between The Sheets

BY WILL CRAIGIE

I.

Is that you at the foot of his bed, Will Craigie?
Is that blind mist arisen o' the body o' him;
Mist o' the furniture varnished wi' sleep
Lumped four-legg'd on the rickety bed?
Why do carouse a' this hour, purpose or no?
Demmit, I had o' known thou'rt a thief i' the night
As thin as the counterpane, as chill and as white,
Yon shivering sheet o' the carcase of him.
Soul is it? soul o' the second-hand trumpety?
Lord o' the twisted, this be his soul?
Do it speak, have it tongue, do it ken of itself,
Or come it umindfu', and godlessly?
Have it never been tol'
Of the mornin's and noons when body's awake?
Do it be devil mayhap out o' hell acome
Bringing the smell of the charnel or for some
The shudder, the tremble, the ruption, the quake?
What it'll have o' this thing it is smoke of?
Making beauty p'raps or laughter or whiskey
Smooth as its linin', hot as its tread
Hurrying the bedposts to reach a last transport
In a cosmical snore, Will Craigie the boy!

II.

Tell me, apparition, whereof you blow, whereto?
Art tenant or but hired man?
Stalking the grim ramparts why,
Afeard of the deep shadows where the dawn steepes itself
In grey; morning hath mysteries as well,
Huge earthy clouds under the loam;
Canst dig? Walking over the timid sleeper,
Should his sleep be an awakening as tis a wakefulness,
he will be less kind:
Did he not last evening speak with thee,
Tell thee avaunt and hide thee well,
That were he to awake to strength he'd cleft
His body's emanation, soul that is smoke of him,
Or render it back to flame or on to ash?
Apparition of Will Craigie, or are you but
The hazy wasday steam of Will the slut?

III.

Catch me again, muddy ghost, if you can,
I'll sleep in the mornin' like a night-shift man!

CAPITULATED*)

BY H. S. BARON

Abraham Abel pushed back the small wooden kitchen table and rose from a hearty breakfast. He was eighty-four years of age, but he enjoyed his meals.

"It's probably not so cold outside this morning", he remarked, addressing his wife, a shrivelled yet active old woman, who stood across the room near the hot coal stove. For answer she tightened the colorless kerchief that covered her head, and said:

"I won't use the teakettle any more. Look at it!"

Abraham Abel by this time was struggling to get into his overcoat, a garment with seven patches to show for eleven years of service. He paused in his effort to get an arm through a torn sleeve lining and looked at the black object of strife which was trembling with the force of boiling water; in his wife's gray eyes he noticed a similar disturbance.

"There's not a pin hole in it," he hurried to reply in a pleading voice. "Old folks must be satisfied with old things."

His wife apparently did not think so. She pressed tightly her thin, straight lips and exploded bitterly: "For a few dollars you'd poison yourself with rust. What are you saving them for? Will they make your grave softer?"

The word grave made him wince. Although since he could remember he had never been ill, thoughts of sudden illness and death had been in his mind of late. He had even spoken to her about it on the previous night.

"What nonsense are you talking about, Leah?" he cried angrily.

"How much longer do you think you can live — getting stingier every day?" she flung back at him. "Soon you'll starve yourself to death. Wait and see if you don't drop in the street."

It was a foul blow, and it made him gasp. But he felt powerless. Thirty years back he could have silenced her with his rage. Gradually, however, their children had left them to build homes for themselves. In those homes, eight in all, the mother was never unwelcome, and there she went at the slightest provocation, his sons as well as his daughters always siding with her against him.

"We'll get a new one for Passover," he tried to compromise.

His wife rejected that with a scornful glance in his direction. Then pushing back the kettle, she started emptying the pail of coal into the stove.

Unable to bear this spiteful extravagance, he hurriedly-adjusted his skull cap inside his hat and rushed out, his sparse, white beard trembling. "She'll use up five pails today," he thought, as he walked down the two flights of stairs.

Outside he found that the day was even milder than he had thought it was. At least, he was uncomfortably warm in his overcoat.

All the way toward his destination, Abraham Abel felt depressed. Vivid pictures of the death of his first wife and their only child flooded his mind. The memory of the little girl caused him a pang of regret stronger than he had ever before experienced. If she had lived, he, too, would have had a home to which to come. But why should thoughts of what had happened over fifty years ago be in his mind? Was it a bad omen? At that point he entered an auction room, and he was soon completely lost in the excitement of bidding against others. He made a specialty of buying large, worn-out carpets and rugs, which he cut up into small pieces and sold on a pushcart in front of his basement.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when he was through buying. Walking home rapidly for his midday meal, he considered the wisdom of giving his wife the seven dollars she wanted to buy the kettle. After all why should he not live in peace the few more years God had given him? Had he not fourteen hundred dollars in the savings bank, and was he not putting away at least five dollars weekly?

However, he soon remembered his well-grounded suspicion that her independent capital, saved from the moneys she had wrung from him for household expenses, was as large as his own. A gust of resentment and anger seized him. If he gave her an opportunity, she would squeeze every penny out of him. And it would not make her any friendlier; on the contrary, it would make her greedier.

He found the door of his home locked. Was it possible that she had started hostilities? His trembling hand was slow in inserting the key, and then he had difficulty in turning it. But at last he was inside. The odor of boiling cabbage assailed his nostrils. His heart grew cold. A pot of boiling

*) A fragment from a novel.

cabbage was his wife's declaration of war. It meant that she would return in the evening and sit with folded arms, tightly drawn lips, and a blaze of animosity in her eyes. She would serve him cabbage and stale white bread which he could not eat. If he yielded, she would produce his favorite brown loaf, and boil potatoes; if he held out, she would leave the house early the next morning, not to return until late in the evening. And each following day would be a repetition of the day before. Six years ago when she had brought these tactics into use for the first time, he had remained firm, and she had to abandon them because their children interceded in his behalf. Six weeks back, he had surrendered on the second day.

Abraham Abel walked over to the stove with a slow, almost dragging step, and stood looking at the steaming pot of cabbage; he appeared a short, old man, slightly taller than broad, always erect, but now bent, with eyes that suddenly seemed to lose the glow of life, and under them were large, coiled lumps, as if all his years were curled together there. A feeling of loneliness was sapping his strength, a peculiar, depressing loneliness that was strangely familiar. Then he remembered. When a child in a little Russian town, that melancholy mood had once come upon him in the dark synagogue where he had found himself without his father, waiting for the Sabbath to pass before the lamps could be lighted, and prayers offered. At that moment he had felt the holy place filled with mysterious shadows, which surrounded him and separated him from everyone else.

For a few minutes he was lost in thoughts of his childhood. A barefooted youngster chasing a colt off the pasture flashed through his mind. When the vision was gone, he felt dazed, as if he had been whirled through the big stretch of years in those few moments. He sat down and cried. But the steady flow of tears gave him no relief. Rising, he dried his eyes with his large, motley handkerchief, moved the pot of seething cabbage away from the intense heat, and went out into the street. There the clanging of the cars, the blowing of horns, and the general bustle of an East Side congested thoroughfare turned his thoughts to his work. The merchandise he had bought had to be taken away. What means should he use, a horse or a pushcart? He finally decided upon the latter, as is entailed no expense. Somewhere in a remote corner of his mind there was the idea of using the money thus saved to appease his wife, but his pride was still too strong to think of it consciously.

All his life Abraham Abel had worked as hard as he possibly could. He put every ounce of energy he possessed into whatever he did. Even when raising a chair, he managed somehow to exert himself. It did not therefore occur to him to divide his load. He placed it all upon a cart, secured it carefully, took off his overcoat, tucked it under the ropes, and started out. The pushing of the cart was an extremely difficult task; it required more than his natural strength, but his pent emotion generated additional impetus.

Slowly, with clinched teeth Abraham Abel pushed on. Drops of perspiration gathered, streamed down his face, vanished in his beard, and dripped down from there in a number of streamlets; persons stopped to look at him, some

with pity, others with admiration, but he was oblivious to everything until a policeman halted him.

"Are you trying to kill yourself?" he demanded.

Abraham Abel was silent and looked guilty. He was an experienced peddler and knew how to appeal to an officer's heart, if he had one.

"If I catch you again with a tonload like that, I'll lock you up," the policeman threatened him, shaking a gloved forefinger in his face.

Abraham Abel continued with his pushcart, wondering. He had found America a curious country, and the twenty-seven years had not made her less strange to him. First they took away his daily, strength-giving few drops of brandy, then they threatened him with arrest for not being strong enough to do his work.

He had but one small block more. In spite of his tremendous efforts he could make only half the distance. Then the cart overturned. A fellow-peddler, thirty-eight years his junior, exerted himself to the utmost to bring the cart to the front of the cellar.

"God blessed you with health in your old age, Reb Abraham," the younger man reproached him. "It behooves you to nurse His blessing carefully. May He not punish me for my words, but I believe that if you had donated forty-seven dollars to the synagogue, and kept three for hiring a truck to-day, you would have pleased Him just as much."

"It did not feel heavy at first," Abraham Abel defended himself. He ignored the reference to his donation to the one place where he always found warmth, and where he was certain that pious Jews would pray for his soul when he would be no more.

He thanked the peddler heartily, dragged the load into the cellar, and fell exhausted upon the heap.

When he awoke, it was already dark. He felt chilled and dizzy. Fearing that his end was near, he hurried to his home, which was in the next block.

His wife was in the kitchen. She sat with her elbows on the bare table and her head in her arms. As he entered and leaned against the door breathing heavily, she looked up, a little startled, but silent, evidently waiting for further development. "Soon you will be sorry," he thought, "but it will be too late." He walked unevenly to the hot stove and dropped into a chair. For several minutes he sat expecting something horrible to happen to him; but instead he felt better every second. A familiar odor made him raise his head. On the glowing stove was the pot of steaming cabbage! He swallowed several times.

Realizing that he was hungry, he looked at his wife. Their eyes met, as she had apparently been watching him. She rose, tightened her kerchief, and crossed to the dish-closet. Because he watched her closely, he saw unmistakable evidence that the dropping of the plate she had taken out was an accident in appearance only. Her tightly pressed lips, and the

determination in her eyes told him that he might expect another such accident, if not to a plate to something else at least just as expensive.

"Leah!" he cried.

She turned slowly and looked at him. It was a silent ultimatum, and he capitulated without a word. Not very graciously, though. He produced his roll of bills and dropped seven one-dollar bills upon the floor.

But she was a magnanimous victor. She picked them up, crumpled them into an insignificant ball which she dropped in her checkered apron pocket and said in a matter-of-fact tone:

"I'll boil some potatoes."

And then, from the top shelf of the dish closet she brought forth a brown loaf of bread, which made Abraham Abel's mouth water with anticipation.

Lesbia

BY JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

O the poised legs of Lesbia are richer than a town
With a sandy beach below it and a temple on the height,
And the maiden breasts of Lesbia, like marble and like down,
Are the battlements of beauty and the pillow of delight.

The idle hands of Lesbia are fuller than the sea
With majesty of motion and with might of muted power,
And the maiden lips of Lesbia, that are ripening for me,
Are even as a budding rose that has attained its hour.

And still I dream of Lesbia, who is wide with wondering
How love will come upon her with his tender, ruthless hand—
For I dare not go to Lesbia, down the path bedewed with
spring,
And I shall never hold her in this cold-o'-morning land.

Sarcophagus

BY GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

The night after we failed
I lay like a sword—
Like a coffin-board:
Like Christ nailed:

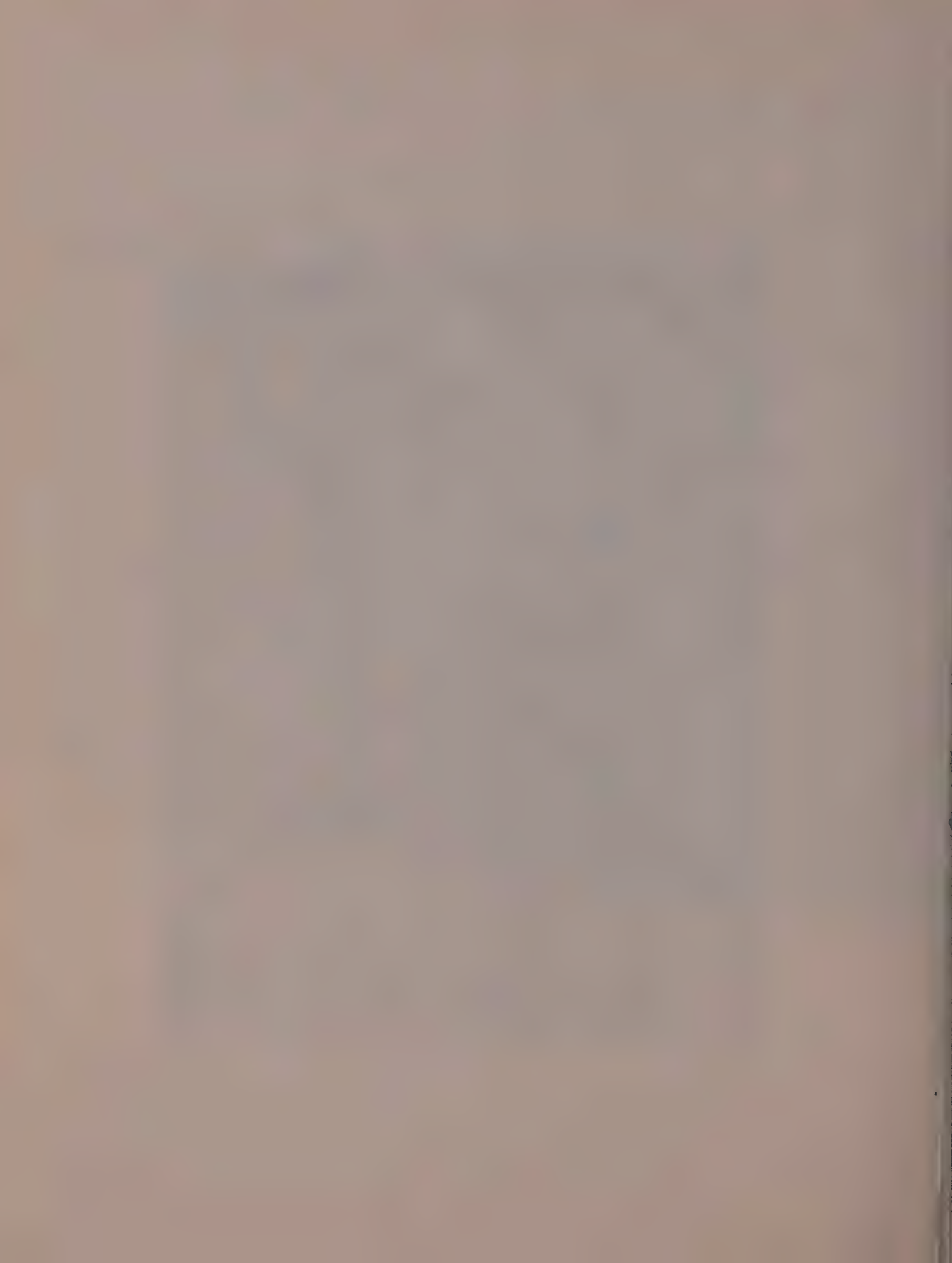
And lying—I heard
Your word and her word
Pass my window, and
Your key in your hand.

I touched the cover of my bed,
Felt nothing, and said:
"Now I am dead."



WASH DRAWING

BY AMEDEE MODIGLIANI





BY IRENE LAGUT

"DEUX FILLETTES"

Spinoza and Bergson

(a parallel)

BY WILLIAM NATHANSON*)

II.

Both the Bergsonian and Spinozan philosophy are characterized by the ideas of immanence; subjective, epistemological absolutism; and a mysticism devoid of mystery. These ideas have led two Jewish philosophers as well as all the Jewish race to individualism. It is an individualism which will have nothing to do with resignation and which does not regard self-torture as a means toward salvation. It is an individualism which does not hold pain to be the only way that leads toward the divine.

Insofar as mysticism denotes a communion in some way or other with the universal, divine power, the teachings of Spinoza as well as those of Bergson are steeped in mysticism. The concept of intuition unites their teachings with mysticism, which has always considered intuition as its most intimate expression.

Insofar, however, as Bergson and Spinoza have made mysticism intelligible to every man, and insofar as they have divested it of all supernaturalisms and miracles, their mysticism is something different from what is ordinarily understood by the word.

In the first place their mysticism requires no resignation, no aggressive struggle with human desires and passions, no predetermined, systematic and everlasting suppression of the bodily comforts and pleasures. Still less does their mysticism consist in the self-annihilation of the individual in the name of an ideal or a collective of individuals.

On the contrary, Spinoza, in his "Ethics", expressly insists that the greatest and highest aim of a human being in this world is to develop his self in the course of his earthly existence to the highest degree. It is the duty of every "I" or self to seek every possibility and every opportunity of coming to its fullest expression.

Especially characteristic of this idea are the following three sentences in the fourth part of "The Ethics":

1. No one can rightly desire to be blessed, to act rightly, and to live rightly, without at the same time wishing to be,

to act, and to live, in other words, to actually exist . . .

2. No virtue can be conceived as prior to this endeavor to preserve one's own being . . . The effort for self-preservation is the first and only foundation of virtue.

3. To act absolutely in obedience to virtue is in us the same thing as to act, to live, or to preserve one's being (these three terms are identical in meaning) in accordance with the dictate of reason on the basis of seeking what is useful to oneself . . .

The torture of the body merely in the name of self-torture is considered by Spinoza as a folly or a crime. It is no less a folly or a crime for anyone to deny himself his happiness, his well-being, or any of his confronting experiences for the happiness, well-being, or all manner of experiences of another or even many others even though these others constitute an entire people or all of humanity. Spinoza does not demand the sacrifices of ordinary altruism.

From Spinoza's viewpoint altruism has significance only when it is clearly understood, that its ultimate end as well as its point of inception is the same all-inclusive "I" or profound self. Altruism is now no longer truly altruism, but individualism.

The abstinence from all passing pleasures and the sacrifice of all for another have a meaning only when they are done in behalf of the higher development and more thorough deepening of the self of the individual who is abstaining or sacrificing himself for another or for others.

Spinoza, therefore, insists very strongly that an emotion and a passion can be conquered only by another emotion and by another passion. Logic and reason aid the "I" to see the world in another form—e. g. in the form of eternity. This vision strengthens and deepens and urges on the growth of the self and of the "I" and thus develops other emotions and passions—emotions and passions of a degree morally higher and esthetically more beautiful. These higher emotions and passions become stronger than the emotions and passions of the lower degree, and in time drive the lower emotions and passions out entirely.

All of this struggle however, waged, indeed, in the name of the very highest "I" and of the most ethical self, is here

*) Translated from the Yiddish by DAVID WOLLINS.

on earth encompassed within the short span of each and every human existence. And since the earth is lodged within the divine substance, and since every moment of time is part of the endless eternity, every momentary stir of an individual self on any spot in the world must have an eternal and absolute value.

Man's life here on earth is short but by no means accidental: a mere link in the infinite chain of universal existence, it is true, but a link which cannot be excluded from the infinite; a mere droplet in the great sea of duration, but a drop which possesses infinity no less than the sea itself, for eternity and duration relate to the parts as well as to the whole: the temporary is after all no more than a shortsighted viewpoint regarding the eternal.

These following sentences from "The Ethics" clearly express the individualism which characterizes the philosophy of Spinoza and the spirit of the Jewish people.

1. In so far as a thing is in harmony with our nature, it is necessarily good . . .
2. Pleasure in itself is not bad but good; contrariwise, pain in itself is bad . . .
3. Pity, in a man who lives under the guidance of reason is in itself bad and useless . . .
4. Under the guidance of reason we should pursue the greater of two goods and the lesser of two evils . . .
5. He who clearly and distinctly understands himself and his emotions, loves God, and so much the more in proportion as he more understands himself and his emotions . . .

As an illustration of the characteristic of Spinoza's philosophy which I am here trying to point out, the following, final sentence of "The Ethics" is of immeasurable importance: "Blessedness is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself; neither do we rejoice therein, because we control our lusts, but contrariwise, because we rejoice therein, we are able to control our lusts."

Since only he who loves good can truly derive joy from virtue and since only he who has developed his self or individuality to the highest, strongest and deepest degree can truly love God, it follows that all human, and even superhuman, strivings and achievements must strike their roots in the soil of individualism.

Bergson has not as yet given the world his ethical system. Traces of that system, however, can already be seen by anyone who has studied his natural philosophy.

It is enough to recall the enthusiastic optimism with which Bergson speaks of the possibilities of the further development of the human race. One only has to see how, in his view of the future, which is full of ecstasy, Bergson arrives at the hope that man will conquer death, and one can be sure that he, too, will insist that bliss and true joy do not require any voluntary and calculated self-denial of earthly life.

For the highest bliss and deepest joy it is enough only to sense the spiritual essence of reality and to sympathize with

the universal triumphing of spirit over matter. The self need only conceive itself as a partaker in the creative evolution of the world to reach the profoundest depths of all manner of spiritual experiences.

Such a sensing, such an experience, such a sympathy often makes us forget the earth, and earthliness with its limitedness and temporariness. In those moments man senses a superhuman joy and a superhuman bliss. Those moments, however, must be used as an urge and inspiration in the struggle for a worthier human life here on God's earth: in the struggle for a life which will transform the fantastic or visionary superhumanness into a reality.

In this sense Bergson, just like Spinoza, is a realist.

Both do not want to allow any part of the universe, or any fact or event in the world to be considered as an illusion—as an invention or a theory of human thought or human fantasy—something which does not truly strike its roots in the ever-present or endlessly enduring reality.

The inanimate and the unconscious are from Spinoza's as well as Bergson's viewpoint, organic appearances of reality. There is this difference however. Spinoza sees in this appearance an indication and an essential expression of substance; Bergson considers it the state of rest or the moment of distraction of the same divine substance or substantial divinity.

Both, however, assume that the self can conceive reality if not in its breadth at least in its depth, whenever reality manifests itself in the appearance of self-consciousness. There it is possible for the self to become momentarily one with reality and to sense that it is a spark from God above, a spark of the eternal fire, or a fragment of the rocket from which worlds without number shoot out infinitely. At that moment man truly derives joy from the divine presence and is happy with the absoluteness of God and with his infiniteness, and eternity or duration. For then man appreciates his own infiniteness, and eternity or duration, which give his life content, meaning and value.

The extreme determinist Spinoza and the no less extreme indeterminist Bergson thus offer, with their immanently realistic philosophy, numberless possibilities and opportunities for man to rise from his relatively limited and temporary humanness to an absolute, unlimited and everlasting superhumanness.

The relativeness and transientness of man, qualities inherent in animal and inanimate nature—in everything earthly, so to speak, these are qualities beyond which man must rise in order to reach the supermundane. They, too, are organic fractions of the whole. The meaning of being, the significance of the existence of every separate thing is included in the existence of the whole.

The interests of reality as a whole require the being and becoming of both animality and humanity; of both the fool and the sage; and of all other opposites and things not understood: just as these interests require the struggle for the super-human for the best and for the happiest—all which mean

the struggle for the victory of the higher over the lower. Such is the definition of progress; and such, Bergson tells us, is the meaning of evolution. Such is the sense and meaning that his optimism, which is by necessity included in his immanently realistic spiritualism, lends to the evolutionary process of the universe.

In this spirit run these lines from "Creative Evolution."

"Consciousness is distinct from the organism it animates, although it must undergo its vicissitudes. As the possible actions which a state of consciousness indicates are at every instant beginning to be carried out in the nervous centres, the brain underlines at every instant the motor indications of the state of consciousness; but the interdependency of consciousness and brain is limited to this; the destiny of consciousness is not bound up on that account with the destiny of cerebral matter. Finally, consciousness is essentially free; it is freedom itself; but it cannot pass through matter without settling on it, without adapting itself to it: this adaptation is what we call intellectuality; and the intellect, turning itself back toward active, that is to say free, consciousness, naturally makes it enter into the conceptual forms into which it is accustomed to see matter fit. It will therefore always perceive freedom in the form of necessity; it will always neglect the part of novelty or of creation inherent in the free act; it will always substitute for action itself an imitation artificial, approximative, obtained by compounding the old with the old and the same with the same. Thus, to the eyes of a philosophy that attempts to reabsorb intellect in intuition, many difficulties vanish or become light. But such a doctrine does not only facilitate speculation; it gives us also more power to act and to live. For, with it, we feel ourselves no longer isolated in humanity, humanity no longer seems isolated in the nature that it dominates. As the smallest grain of dust is bound up with out entire solar system, drawn along with it in that undivided movement of matter, and in itself indivisible. All the living beings, from the humblest to the highest, from the first origins of life to the time in which we are, and in all places as in all times, do but evidence a single impulsion, the inverse of the movement of matter, and in itself indivisible. All the living hold together, and all yield to the same tremendous push. The animal takes its stand on the plant, man bestrides animality, and the whole of humanity, in space and in time, is one immense army galloping beside and before and behind each of us in an overwhelming charge able to beat down every resistance and clear the most formidable obstacles, perhaps even death."

III.

In these foregoing sentences the trend of Bergson's thought is very well mirrored. His view of man and of all that surrounds man in breadth and depth, is vigorously and fully expressed.

Here we find indications of all the qualities which characterize Bergson's philosophy: not only those which bring him close to Spinoza but also those qualities which place him in diametric opposition to Spinoza.

Here matter is only the regressive-movement of the original impulsion, which in its root essence is consciousness

and life, freedom and creation, reason and will, feeling and deed—in brief, spirituality. In this conclusion that matter is only a certain state of the universal force we can see the strongest and clearest expression of monistic spiritualism, which in its pure aspect was original with Spinoza.

In the idea that matter helps spirit toward a clearer and firmer individualization and towards an unceasing effort to become free in spite of all hindrances, we can discern metaphysical realism, which seeks to have a solid basis somewhere in the universe for every beautiful, colorful and pleasant dream, illusion or fantasy as well as for the ugliest and most repulsive day-by-day reality.

As we have already seen, this realism is not lacking in Spinoza.

The "single universal impulsion", which includes everything within itself, and which is itself included in nothing, already foreshadows very clearly the Spinoza-Bergsonian idea called immanence.

The optimism which breathes forth from those lines exceeds the optimism which pervades "The Ethics."

The concept of a single universal impulsion which energizes the world and which sustains itself in its entire fulness in every individual being at every moment of his existence, is responsible for the absolute morality or moral absolutism which so strongly pervades the philosophic systems of Spinoza and Bergson.

In his works Bergson often emphasizes the idea that every living being bears within him at every moment of his existence the entire past of the universe. It is thus very clear that from Bergson's viewpoint every human effort has an absolute value in every moment of universal existence, for every moment carries within it the past in all its absoluteness and with nothing omitted, while every future moment exists only in the image of a present moment, which includes and comprehends the entire past. Moreover, this value of absoluteness is possessed by every human act, inasmuch as it embodies the personality, and by every full-hearted conviction, which is the point of fusion of emotion, will and reason, and—in brief—by every action and reaction of man, God, and world.

"Duration," says Bergson, "is the continuous progress of the past which gnaws into the future and which swells as it advances. And as the past grows without ceasing, so also there is no limit to its preservation. Memory, as we have tried to prove, is not a faculty of putting things away in a drawer, or of inscribing them in a register. There is no register, no drawer; there is not even, properly speaking, a faculty, for a faculty works intermittently, when it will or when it can, whilst the piling up of the past upon the past goes on without relaxation. In reality, the past is preserved by itself, automatically . . . What are we, in fact, what is our *character*, if not the condensation of the history that we have lived from our birth—nay, even before our birth, since we bring with us prenatal dispositions? Doubtless we think with only a small part of our past, but it is with our entire past, including the original bent of our soul that we desire, will and act."

This infinite past which includes all within itself and is itself self-containing, lays the foundation in Bergson's philosophy for those ideas which unite him with Spinoza: the ideas of monism, absolutism, realism and immanence.

Again, in Bergson's treatment of the past there lies the basis for those other Spinozan-Bergsonian characteristics which have already been pointed out — namely, individualism and unmysterious mysticism. The past, which in its essence is spirituality in one form or another (something never to be forgotten in reading Bergson or Spinoza) is filled with life or super-life, with consciousness or super-consciousness and unceasingly invades the future. The past surrounds man on all sides but does not reveal itself in its entire fulness to that consciousness which emanates from the human brain.

The past in its full entirety hovers over the regions of the sub-conscious or in the worlds of the unconscious. Only in those moments when by extraordinary effort man rises beyond the limits of ordinary human-ness and lifts himself to a level from which he is capable of viewing infinity and super-humanity — only in those moments when he forsakes the momentarily useful and considers the eternally worthwhile does he perceive the absolute past which includes everything and is included in no other thing. Here is a mystical view which is supported by science. And it is this view, so strongly upheld by the new, great Russian thinker Ouspensky, that impels psychology so strongly towards the study of the unconscious. And this is the reason why this mysticism is now generally losing all those elements which were formerly considered supernatural and mysterious as opposed to natural and scientific.

It is thus possible for the individual, called man, in some manner, from time to time, to bind the conscious with the unconscious, which is a kind of super-consciousness. It is possible for the individual self to sense its relation to the universal self, from which it derives a meaning for every separate existence and his own existence. It is possible to put oneself into the properties or attributes, into the views or aspects of the universal force and thus to see every expression, every fact and every event in the form of eternity and endlessness, or in the form of an everlasting continuity. All these possibilities established by the Bergsonian viewpoint lay the foundation for an individualism which is stronger than even the individualism of Spinoza's philosophy. Insofar as this individualism is stronger, the optimism is more tumultuous and assertive.

This individualistic optimism forces Bergson to conclude that an organic union of the theory of knowledge and of the theory of life will intensify and hasten the work of plumbing the depths of living and conscious reality.

This theory of life leads Bergson to the conviction which was held by the artist-thinker Perez, that

"Within us beats a heart,

The world, too, must have a heart!"

In the depths of his own self's existence Bergson finds the key to the universal existence.

His "Creative Evolution" begins with this sentence: "The existence of which we are most assured and which we know best is unquestionably our own, for of every other object we

have notions which may be considered external and superficial, whereas of ourselves, our perception is internal and profound."

And after a profound psychological introspection, or an intuitive search into the innermost depths of his self, he comes to the conclusion that for a conscious being existence means change; and change means maturing — the ceaseless progress of the creation of the self. This meaning of existence is then carried over to the entire universal, conscious power.

Afterwards every organism is endowed with this same enduring existence.

"The universe as a whole," says Bergson "and every conscious being as well as every living organism, is something which endures." Every individuality thus achieves a universal significance and universality becomes a self-causing selfhood, in, with, and through which is created a meaning for the existence of every individual and a value for the being of every personality, which is the immediate expression of the universal self.

The same round of subjectivism and individualism to universalism, and from universalism back to subjectivism and individualism can be found in Spinoza, as these following few sentences, scattered over the length and breadth of "The Ethics" illustrate:

1. Every idea, which in us is absolute or adequate and perfect, is true.
2. He who has a true idea, simultaneously knows that he has a true idea, and cannot doubt of the truth of the thing perceived.
3. Every idea of every body, or of every particular thing actually existing, necessarily involves the eternal and infinite essence of God.
4. The human mind has an adequate knowledge of the eternal and infinite essence of God.
5. The highest happiness and blessedness consists exclusively in the knowledge of God.
6. In god there is necessarily an idea, which expresses the essence of this or that human body under the form of eternity.
7. The human mind cannot be absolutely destroyed with the body, but there remains of it something which is eternal.

A universality which reveals itself with the aid of a realistic mysticism in a universalistic, realistic manner in the image of an absolutely monistic and immanent spirituality — this is the picture of the universe which characterizes the philosophy of Spinoza as well as the philosophy of Bergson. This view of the reality is truly the philosophic part of the Jewish spirit, the very view in which the Jewish spirit has found its specific expression. In this sense Bergson and Spinoza are the foremost representatives of the Jewish spirit in the field of philosophy. Only on this foundation of similarity between their teachings, a foundation which, I think, is as strong as Gibraltar, rise the gloriously beautiful edifice of opposedness between Spinoza and Bergson — an edifice in which can already be heard the clear echo of the French chord. It is the echo of aesthetics, which expressed itself most strongly in the French people. (To be continued).

Chemistry in Medicine

BY WITHROW MORSE

"Sadie, Liebe Sadie, was raschelt im Stroh."

In Humperdinck's delightful "Haensel and Gretel" the children wish to know what is going on in the barn-yard. The intelligent person of the present day is restless until he has learned of the most recent "rustlings in the straw" in all departments of human thought. If one desires to follow the great discoveries of medicine, one must be a constant reader of the press, for these developments come thick and fast and no one can prophesy what is coming next.

Broadly speaking, it is largely in the barnyard that the development is being made. Vitamins? Please take the door to the left to the white-rat room. Rickets? The passageway to the guinea-pig room, if you please. Heredity? Sex? The door to the dove-cote and to the chicken-yard. Experimentation on the lower animals has laid the great foundations upon which are erected the superstructures of preventive and clinical medicine. Many well-intentioned persons look askance at animal experimentation. They have been told it is cruel and heartless work. The writer has been a part of some of the great laboratories of the country during the last score of years and he has seen more cruelty at the fashionable meets, in the big game hunting in the north woods, and in the fancy fishing on the sea-beach where the "worm is taught to swim" than in any laboratory.

What are the recent advances in medicine? Chemical discoveries. Any well-informed physician will make this answer. The "lime-juicers" of the late war, who carried tablets of lime and orange-juice compressed into solid form; the Barren Land Indians who nibble on pine needles during faminess; the Irish who, while depending upon the "Gentleman who pays the rent" to serve in that capacity, ate potatoes religiously — these peoples have put into practical working the tenets of modern students of vitamins; for scurvy is eradicated by the juice of the citrus fruits; beriberi by the pine needles; and the potato is the vitamin carrier which has stood between great races and fatal disease.

In general, one may say that medicine has conquered most of the diseases due to the invasion of living things, like bacteria. Typhoid fever exists in such small amount that the medical student is hard put to it to find material to study. Small-pox, were it not for the benighted, but well-meaning people who attempt to suppress the efforts being made to eradicate it, would perish from the earth within a remarkably short time. Diphtheria, that dreaded disease which has thrown the mantle of death over many homes, should not exist and would

not were precautions taken to have the physician examine the person suffering soon enough to do good. Scarlet fever, which lays the victim open to heart trouble, kidney disease, and other severe complications, is within leash thanks to what we may call the Schick-Dick, two euphonious words, which sound musical in the ears of the mother to whom her child is restored by this medical marvel and which sound to the physician like Dr. Schick of Vienna and Dr. Dick of Chicago.

There remain, however, the dreaded conditions like heart disease, cancer and other states which have to do with something wrong with the machinery of the living being. Some advance has been made by the army in the field against these foes. Diabetes was conquered by the Toronto group of experimenters — Banting, Collip and the others when they discovered the way to prepare insulin, a secretion of the sweet-bread, or pancreas gland. No cure for cancer has ever been invented, but there are methods of treatment, once the growth is started, which at least prolong the lives of thousands.

In all these developments of the art of preventive and treatment medicine, chemistry, like Ulysses of old, has played a great part: "I am a part of all that I have met" Tennyson makes Ulysses say and chemistry may say the same to medicine. Science has its fashions, as the ladies have, and chemistry is the fashion in medicine at the present time. The alchemist of the Middle Ages was no more eagerly sought to transform the common metal into gold than the chemist at the present time is urged to wave his wand and cure human ills. And he has succeeded much more certainly than his alchemist forebear. We do not know how far back in human history the germs of syphilis rose from the ground where they once dwelled and invaded mankind. Perhaps, as some think, Europe received the disease from the sailors of Columbus who took it to Europe from the West Indies. It is probably that Job had syphilis. No one knows. If this were his affliction and were he alive today, an ordinary physician could alleviate his sufferings, by the means of chemistry. The chemist calls it 3-diamino-4-hydroxy-I-arsenobenzene-methanal-sulphoxylate. Job would have called it what mothers call Castoria, that is, a boon.

Perhaps the most interesting development in the field of medical chemistry during the last few years is the subject of vitamins. Vitamins resemble a bank account in certain respects. You never see your money, yet it is there. If it is not there, you notice it. That is about all one can say definitely about vitamins at the present time, although light is beginning to dawn in the scientific East, for Eddy of New York may have a crystallized vitamin and other chemists are hot on the trail.

It may be that we can make vitamins, artificially. Now the plant has had a monopoly on the manufacture of vitamins. It is not known that any animal can make these substances in its own body. However, as Mark Hannah said, there are no trusts. Steenbock of Wisconsin finds that if one expose certain foods, known to be lacking in vitamins to sunlight or to the artificial light of a mercury quartz lamp these foods acquire vitamin potentialities. A child with rickets, a disease of the bones, prevalent throughout the world, responds to cod-liver oil administration favorably and he also improves under the action of the direct rays of a summer sun. In other words, Steenbock causes the oil, like olive oil, which lacks vitamin, to resemble the curative cod-liver oil, long known to cure rickets. One step further: At Yale, Kugelmass and McQuarrie find that cod-liver oil, in contact with oxygen, affects the photographic plate, while oils which do not cure rickets, like olive-oil, have no such effect, in the presence of oxygen. We are familiar with the radiation of light, unseen light to be sure, from certain substances; witness the radiolite watch-face. *Foods which cure rickets throw off this unseen light*, but light which is capable of making a picture on the photographic plate, much as the X-ray plate shows the hidden bones and teeth-roots.

We have said that there are no trusts. Baly of Liverpool has been able to do artificially what the green plant does naturally, that is, to make sugar. He uses the same sort of light used in the work described above. Mankind must some day face the great problem of obtaining his bread-and-butter—not by winnowing the wheat and milking the cow, for with the number of inhabitants per square yard in the year 3500, there will be no room for wheat-fields and grazing lands for cattle. Then the chemist will be the farmer and the milk-maid singing blithe will be the shrill whistle at seven o'clock sidereal time announcing the beginning of the day's work of $\text{H}_2\text{O} + \text{CO}_2 = \text{H}_2\text{CO}_3$, etc.

The chemist, again, serves the physician and surgeon by giving them what we may call inside information. By means of the rays just spoken of, we are enabled to look within a person and discover what is wrong as far as misplaced bones, or the presence of gun-shoe or of swallowed buttons are concerned, but one can not look into the organs and see how the progress of digestion, which is a chemical progress, is interfered with. Folin of Harvard and many other American chemists have devised means whereby a sample of blood, taken without any more pain than given by a pin-prick, can be made to tell the condition of the patient's blood, the healthiness of his kidney and many other inner things. Not only this, but these methods permit the chemist to deliver his reports to the physician within a short time. In the treatment of diabetes it is necessary to know how much sugar there is in the blood and whether the patient can stand certain foods, exercise, etc. Within less than an hour, the chemist reports to the physician the amount of sugar in the patient's blood and the amount of baking soda which permits the patient to indulge in certain foods and to undergo exercise. In three ounces of human blood there is about as much sugar as one can pile on an old-fashioned gold dollar, yet the chemist determines accurately the amount of sugar in a hundredth part of three

ounces of blood. Count out four granules of sugar at the breakfast table. That is more than the amount of sugar which the chemist estimates as his daily routine in human blood.

The late lamented Jacques Loeb of Rockefeller Institute in New York City laid the foundations for explaining how the human body takes care of all the acid it produces, for it produces acid throughout the waking and sleeping hours. The blood is provided with ordinary baking soda to neutralize this acid, but the delicate mechanism whereby the amount of soda is held at a constant figure is a matter, largely, of the red-coloring matter, or hemoglobin of the blood. The story is too long to tell to completion, but such delicacy is demanded that if the acid of the body gets the upper hand of the blood to the infinitely small fraction of a scruple and indeed less than that, as an Irishman might say, death is the result. "God is great in great things, but greatest in small" was a saying of St. Francis of Assisi.

Dr. Mendel has recently written about the little things in nutrition. Science at present is the science of the infinitely small. A minute amount of vitamin, a meager measure of enzyme, an amount of iron scarcely measurable, an almost negligible amount of iodine may stand between feast and famine. Kendall of the Mayo Foundation in Minnesota has made a substance which he calls thyroxin. It is a part of the neck gland, known to the surgeon as the thyroid and popularly, it is called the goiter gland. Much over half of the school children of our middle states show an enlargement of this gland, due to the overgrowth of the tissue when thyroxin is not available. Thyroxin is made of iodine, among other things and if there is too little iodine, as there is in our middle states and especially around the Great Lakes, there is too little thyroxin. Thyroxin did not come easily. Kendall went out from Columbia University in 1910 to the little town in Minnesota made famous by the Mayo brothers, the surgeons. He started out to learn all he could about the goiter gland. The human material of the Mayo Foundation supplemented by that of butchered animals from the stock-yards of Chicago prevented him from becoming home-sick. There is a man who went into those parts and, missing the rolling country of the East whence he came, planted his piano-box in the corner of his garden to relieve the flatness of things. After years of work, Kendall finally succeeded in crystallizing a substance, thyroxin, from the gland. He tried to repeat his procedure, but he could not reproduce his results. It took him a year to do, again, what he had done before. Some little subconscious act, readily overlooked, prevents the crystals from forming. He had turned the trick. Thyroxin can be procured on the market. It has saved many lives.

The romance of medicine someday will be written. It will have the human appeal of De Morgan, the subtle analysis of Galsworthy, the prophetic power of Wells, the sympathy of Kaye-Smith and the picturesqueness of Ossendovski. Unfortunately, the story at present may be read only by those who possess the vocabulary and the alphabet of this chemical language. The popularizing of science by the daily press and by the special efforts of Slosson will someday give to the man of the street the Rosetti Stone whereby he can read the interesting novel.

EXCURSIONS

The moods of mischief are many, but wherever they are genuine they are not lumbering. One must, to be a Mischief, stand upon the tiptoes of ecstasy, like a ballet-dancer "...ecstasis without intoxication, as against the votaries of the frenzied ritual." Nor is the mischief of Pegasus the lumber of a truck-horse, as is the "humor" of our funnymen. The mischievous steed is shod with dancing-slippers; it is no hard-driven nag. Sometimes there is an awkwardness; it is the tripping over a thread; but never the uncouth violences to get a laugh.

* * *

A sprightly sophisticated mischief pretending innocence chuckles through this delectable "Chinese White" by Gladys Oaks and William Gropper. The Rambler knows of no one who could have turned out this suave "Skipping Song" better than Gladys Oaks:

There is always a blight
On life's beautiful cheek—
Perfection I seek.
Perfection I seek.

The vase hides a crack,
And my heart shields a leak—
Perfection I seek,
Perfection I seek.

There is no man on earth
I can love without rue—
So I'm never quite true,
Never quite true.*)

There is a wisdom in this work that is not half so wise as impishly wicked, the true kobold tickle . . . it is slick tuning and lilting.

Mr. Gropper does another quick change. He is about the most versatile artist in America, without being the poorer for it. Here he catches with the very economy Gladys Oaks uses the very curve of mischief Gladys Oaks achieves.

* * *

In a previous Excursion The Rambler said that he believed "the playfulness of an art is its sustenance." He thinks of several significant American artists, each preeminent in his respective devotion, who, he fears, will at sometime "crack" because they do not play. They are possessed of minds making basic contacts, and that deep-throbbing spirituality which veils their work in almost an holiness. But it is The Rambler's

*) CHINESE WHITE, By Gladys Oaks and William Gropper. New York: The Melomime Publication, Inc.

fear that they will not attain the heavens, which, by all the right of nobility and primogeniture, is their inheritance — however far their flight above the mountains may take them. They will, he fears, be punctured by the first summit they alight upon, unless they learn to alight upon their toes and dance. They must learn also to play with their finger-tips, flicking hypotheses like cigarette ashes, and to catch the elusive threads of thought not always with the snatching hand—shutting tight quickly, too often snaring naught—but as well with the whimsical hairs in the nostrils.

* * *

Had Marlowe been able to sometimes apprehend thought as a tickling sensation, he might have been Shakespeare.

* * *

George Douglas's one novel (he died after its publication) to catch the mingled threads. Therefore when tragedy swells from his diaphragm and rumbles in his chest, stricken with terror, its majesty is spun to poignancy through the sharpened tickling apprehension of comedy. His tragedy gathers strength and point from the keensensing of his comic spirit.**)

George Douglas's one novel (he died after its publication) marks the anointed. His art is bountiful: it leaps with wit, it is rich with the sap (to make "the teeth water") of its origins. As with Synge, the native speech of his land takes new root and flowers into a luscious speech, a speech that like Synge's never goes beyond the point of elasticity, a speech that pursues the line to its lair in the folk-nature, a speech luscious with earth-juices and venom.

In old John Gourlay there is added another Tamburlaine, only more majestic by contrast to the snarling, vindictive mongers of the town; another Heathcliff, only more tragic in his abject loneliness, from which he towered. But it is in young John Gourlay, "an imagination but no mind", that George Douglas has won the unique creation. Young Gourlay's was not the imagination of one in delirium, although he moved towards the end soaked in alcohol; his was the imagination that is terror unevoked, needing no stimulant, a ghastly heritage enticing terrible presences from which there was no mind to protect him.

Douglas's one fault would most likely have never been eradicated; it is inherent in his nativity; like the characters in the novel he is a Scot, and must therefore like them philosophize with an air that what he has to say is *his* discovery — even if it is a proverb as old as the hills of Caledonia.

The Rambler.

**) THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS. By George Douglas, New York: Thomas Seltzer.

Book Reviews

OUR LITERARY FLAPPER-BOY

PREJUDICES: Fourth Series. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Knopf. \$2.50.

In the last four or five years a significant change has occurred in the public which listens to H. L. Mencken. In 1919 he appeared to have the attentive ear of what he then designated the "civilized minority" in America. Today his addresses are unheeded by this first minority, but are read as gospel by a larger—shall we say semi-civilized?—minority. College magazines imitate the *American "Merkury"*, stenographers tote it on the subway, a few ex-Rotarians chuckle over it, and Ernest Boyd likes it. It would seem that Mencken's first public has outgrown his message and that his second public consists of those who are just growing up or of those who are incapable of further growth. Mencken's work, one infers from this, is largely educational. In one of those brief statements that really "polish off" an author, Kenneth Burke once wrote of Mencken that "he has demonstrated the stupidity of many a stupidity and has invariably shown that it is stupid"—which is, of course, the function of elementary education.

I am not objecting to this humble service, but I don't see why the doer of it should be deified. Let it stand to Mencken's credit that he is sensible and refreshing when writing on Comstockery or Volsteadism or the federal judiciary or the scoundrelism of Congress or the absurdity of Ku Klux Klan propaganda. Let us grant that such a St. George as he is desperately needed to attack these rampant dragons. But supposing that there are a number of individuals who have found means of handling these threats of aggressive stupidity, who have freed themselves from a concern with them, who have the intelligence to develop in spite of them, what does Mencken offer to these? Any large generative ideas? Any fundamental program to develop? Any nutrient for a mature mind? I should be pleased if some of his admirers when writing on their god would point them out.

The one achievement of Mencken that is a basis for work in the future is his philological research in the American language.

Our concern here is with some of the monstrous defects in this hero of the partly emancipated . . . He is unable to engage in fair combat with thinkers of the status of Paul Elmer More. He is fond of calling Dr. More a "prude", a "solemn ass", et cetera. But one recalls that Dr. More has objected to expurgated editions of Benjamin Franklin's writings on the ground that these coarse passages did assist in forming a

complete picture of Franklin; one recalls that Dr. More preferred the straightforward honest passion of Catullus to the sickly confusion between sense and spirit of Arthur Symonds; and one wonders at the injustice of the epithets. Are they cheap devices to conceal an inability to treat More's ideas on the same plane on which they were launched? More's argument against romanticism, More's treatment of religious dualism, More's severe ethical theories—all these are matters with which one supposes an admirer of Nietzsche would be eagerly and vitally concerned. But one reflects that Mencken's book on Nietzsche is one of the most inferior and that he has persistently reduced the German's ideas to vulgar and distorted terms.

Certainly, Dr. More never has such silly misconceptions as one finds on page 140 of *Prejudices: Fourth Series*. "The doctrine that art is an imitation of nature is full of folly." Finish the paragraph and you will discover that Mencken actually construes the cardinal tenet of Aristotle's *Poetics* to mean an act of mechanical factual copying, not an imaginative process. Doesn't he know that this error was done to death in the Renaissance? Nor does More ever make so palpable a bid to the lazy and half-educated as Mencken does when he declares that "one horse-laugh is worth ten thousand syllogisms. It is not only more effective; it is also vastly more intelligent." Is a guffaw by Mencken worth all the syllogisms of Spinoza? Is it more effective, more intelligent?

One is obliged to assume an incapacity in Mencken to handle major ideas. One is also forced to decide that he has very little esthetic sensibility and no esthetic understanding whatever.

On page 239 he says: "Painting will become a genuinely valuable art when it finally abandons representation." This is partly right insofar as painting must have a value above and over its representative character. But on page 245 we find him horse-laughing (intelligently?) at the "new art that regales us with legs eight feet long, complexions of olive green, and human heads related to the soap-box rather than to the Edam cheese" and at "all the gabble one hears in ratty and unheated studios about cubism, vortism, futurism and other such childish follies." This is confusing, since the first statement induced one to think that Mencken had learned something from *Modern Painting* by his former associate, Willard Huntington Wright. But when one finds him objecting because painting is a space-art and not a time-art (the way he puts it is that "it lacks movement"), one realizes that one is reading an incredible incompetent in these affairs. How does he dispose of painting? Well, it seems that "the senses (presumably Mr.

Mencken's) soon tire of such beauty. If a man (why not say I, Mr. Mencken?) stands before a given painting for more than five or ten minutes, it is usually a sign of affectation (it would be for Mencken): he is trying to convince himself that he has more delicate perceptions than the general" (so that's what Mr. Mencken would try. But hasn't he always claimed this distinction! Why quit in front of a canvas?).

This may be a prejudice, but it is assuredly not criticism, and it is a dangerous presumption for a man to feel that we are more interested in his asinine prejudices than we are in his possible display of active sensibility, clear thought and fine discrimination. Criticism is not a free discharge of personality, but an exercise in perceiving exactly what an object really is and in weighing said object on the scales of a total consciousness. Never fear, there will always be a strong personal element in the most detached judgments—which is the reason why one should minimize and not encourage one's prejudices. The critic's care is to reduce, not increase, the chances of error.

Perhaps the suggested change in critical method might help Mencken to avoid such gross confusion and shiftlessness as spoils page 247. "Any literate man," he naively blurts, "can master the technique of poetry in ten days." What he refers to, however, is the mastery of the principles of *versification* — which is vastly different from the mastery of the technique of poetry as exemplified by a minor poet like Baudelaire.

All this is laboring the point which is simply the obvious statement that H. L. Mencken is the leading apostle of literary flapperism in the United States. He has emancipated himself and his audience from the grosser superstitions of the masses, but he has not yet taken on man's estates in the world of ideas and art.

He does have a style. It is compounded of sound, fury and humor and it signifies little in the end. The senses soon tire of such booming while the mind lies idle. "O rain gently descending and I am bored."

Gorham B. Munson.

A PIONEER'S MEMOIRS

MY MUSICAL LIFE, by *Walter Damrosch*, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$5.00.

It was in the days of my attendance at so-called grammar-school. Having levied a tax upon my elder brothers and sisters, I set out late one afternoon for Willow Grove Park, an amusement resort on the outskirts of Philadelphia. The park had been lately created by the street railway company. The sole object of the company was to collect fares for the long ride. But observe how unwittingly Mammon may sometimes serve the higher spirituality. As an inducement to suffer the ride and yield up the fares the company provided amusements at their park. And one of these amusements was a symphony orchestra!

An open-air auditorium had been built with a huge platform and shell for the orchestra. I found a place on one of the comfortless benches. One paid a fee to ride on the

scenic railway, or to enter the mirror maze, but in those days the music was free. I have often pondered the subtlety of this fact. What did it indicate of the street railway company's collective mind? Was it that that mind held music in an utter contempt? Or did the street railway company, in providing the concerts without charge, make subtle acknowledgment of art's pricelessness?

Seated under the roof of the pavilion, I waited. It was now twilight; and to the summer's twilight as revealed from that pavilion there is a companion grace of ineffable color. It is an optical illusion deriving from some peculiarity in the structure of the auditorium. The sky deepens to a blue-black incredibly rich. Elsewhere, outside the pavilion, one does not observe a like intensity of pure pigment. I watched the sky a while and then the lights flared within the orchestral shell.

It was the time of the concert. Now let it be understood that for the first time in my life I was about to hear a symphony orchestra. Nor was my inexperience an exceptional thing in native Philadelphians. At that dark age Philadelphia had no symphony orchestra. Indeed, this was the beginning, these concerts at the new amusement park. It was the beginning of the local urge for concert music.

The memory of my emotional reaction that night is emphatically clear, but I cannot recall the precise programme of the orchestra. However, I do know that it was wholly, or largely, a Wagner programme. And I can remember one selection in which the strings, beginning at a low pitch, soared progressively to magical elevations. There were but a few moments of this yet they were moments of profound response from the small boy. He, I can say without exaggeration, was ravished. Now, from the vantage of a superior sophistication, I make a probable identification of the selection. It was, I doubt not, a part of Lohengrin. The soaring violins occur during Elsa's recitation of her dream.

How many others left the auditorium that night bearing the gift of a memorable experience? A notable group, I imagine. Certainly this concert, and the succeeding concerts during the seven years that the same orchestra appeared at Willow Grove were to bear fruit. That night I had heard a great orchestra under the baton of a great pioneer in the musical life of America. I had heard the New York Symphony orchestra under the leadership of Walter Damrosch.

Damrosch now publishes a book recording his experiences. A musician of great accomplishment, he has not, alas, an equal gift for literature. His book, judged from one viewpoint, is no more than a gossipy collection of anecdotes. The writer exhibits no talent whatever for dramatizing his richly varied experiences. Everything goes in, from yarns about the insane antics of forgotten opera singers to aesthetic judgments on musical art. Nevertheless, to me it is a work of indubitable fascination and withal, important.

I find it important because it sets down much of the history of musical striving in this country. And the man who makes the record was himself a figure of outstanding importance in these historical events. In short, Walter Damrosch was a pioneer of great courage and tenacity. His

New York Symphony Orchestra was the first organization in the modern Babylon solely devoted to symphonic music. It was through his efforts that Wagner was given his first adequate presentation from the American stage. And his cultural influence extends far beyond what old Walt used to call "Mannahatta, the city of ships". The superlative Philadelphia Orchestra is, I believe, a direct consequence of his pioneering. He carried his orchestra westward, giving to the rambunctious sons of the Forty-Niners the heritage of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms.

In spite of his mediocre talents as a writing man, Damrosch has clothed his book with something of his own great personal charm. The pages are invested with a pleasing naivete. There is such an obvious gentleness in the man that one wonders how this could be coincident with the fire that urged him to so many perilous innovations. This urge he takes for granted; he does not anatomize it. There are, unhappily, no psychological musings in his book. I leave it with a sense of dissatisfaction and great curiosity. After reading to the end of its 368 pages I depart with a high appreciation of the author's fine accomplishment, with a lively consciousness of the author's charm and veracity — but I carry away all too little of the inner man. However, the weakness of musicians when they turn to authorship has been evidenced heretofore. Examine the literary efforts of Ludwig van Beethoven and try to reconcile the author of those blue-nosed strictures with the author of the symphonies.

L. M. Hussey.

OIL UPON THE WATERS

THE WORLD STRUGGLE FOR OIL, by Pierre

L'Espagnol De le Tramerye

Translated by G. Leonard Leese, Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y. 1924

THE OIL TRUST AND ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS by E. H. Davenport and S. S. Cooke

The Macmillan Co., N. Y. 1924

Two new books have been added to the already voluminous literature devoted to the oil question. M. De La Tramerye's study has been published in France several years ago, and has now reached its third edition. The present translation has been slightly enlarged and brought up to date. "The World Struggle for Oil" is a pretentious book. The author begins with an introductory analysis of the world's oil resources, and then discusses; first, the struggle between the trusts for world's oil markets; and second, the struggle between the nations for the control of the world's petroleum supply. The other study — that of Messrs. Davenport and Cooke — is devoted almost entirely to an analysis of Anglo-American relations as influenced by the state of warlike competition which exists between the English and American oil companies. The authors trace the development of the British oil policy from the period of its inception, under the vigorous influence of Lord Fisher, up to last year's Lausanne Conference. This is a more recent study which treats of events that have happened not so very long ago.

A close examination of the facts placed at our disposal proves conclusively that the belligerent attitude which exists today between the oil trusts is not of recent growth. The first blood was drawn in the eighteen-nineties when the Standard Oil Company engaged the producers of Russian petroleum in a struggle for the markets of Eastern Europe and the Levant. Prices were cut until they fell way below the cost of production, but the Russians would not surrender. The same tactics were repeated ten years later against the Royal Dutch Group, whom they endeavored to chase out of China and the Far East. These early combats were for markets only. Because of its (then) limited utility, there was always a greater supply of oil on hand than it was possible to dispose of.

The struggle to-day, however, is not for markets, but for the sources of supply. The combatants, too, have changed. We are now witnessing an international scramble for the petroleum resources of the world. Oil has become an indispensable commodity — a tremendously important factor in the industrial and military life of the modern nation, and the modern nation has decided no longer to leave the development of this industry in the hands of private enterprise alone. "The Great Powers have all an oil policy", the primary aim of which is to assist their nationals in securing concessions from the governments of oil producing territories. The British Government has carried this policy a step further. To free the Navy from the control of the foreign trusts, the Government decided to enter the production end of the industry. "We are already making our own cordite", said Winston Churchill, explaining his program to the House of Commons, "and I see no reason, nor do my advisers, why we should shrink from making the further extension of the vast and various businesses of the Admiralty." Parliament voted huge sums which made possible for the Admiralty "to obtain an interest in the operations" of the Burmah and of the Anglo-Persian Oil Companies.

Let us try to understand the factors that are largely responsible for this policy. The last few years have witnessed a tremendous increase in the demand for petroleum and its by-products. The invention of the Diesel Engine, the growth of the automotive industry, the employment of oil as a substitute for coal by the railroads and the merchant-marine — in short, the terrific increase in the utilization of oil in almost every industry tends to create a situation that will make it more difficult in the future for the supply to keep up with the demand. Furthermore, the late war has conclusively demonstrated that oil is an indispensable military asset. It is now recognized by every student "that the Allies floated to victory on a wave of oil", the lack of which, in 1917, almost wrecked the Allied position on the western front.

Whenever a commodity, the supply of which is limited by nature, becomes indispensable to the industrial life and military security of nations, its control or possession will become a bone of international contention. This is especially true if the sources of its supply are located in territories that are culturally or politically "backward". The United States is now supplying more than two thirds of the world's oil, but our geologists predict that we will soon reach a point of

exhaustion. Where is the world's future supply to come from? Of the sixty billion barrels, for such is the estimate of the world's oil resources, only seven billion are in the United States. The rest is found in Mexico, in the Caucasus Region, in the East Indies, in Mesopotamia — all "backward" regions in one way or another.

It is not necessary to exaggerate the seriousness of the oil situation. Nor is it advisable to join M. De La Tramerye and overemphasize the part that is being played by oil in determining the foreign policies of the great nations. There are other factors to be considered, and oil is only one of many. A few facts, however, must be kept clearly in mind. Ours is a period of disturbed international relationships, and the relations even between the friendly governments are strained to the utmost. The nations have not yet shaken off the hatreds, the rivalries, the suspicions that they have inherited from the late war, and whatever tends to aggravate these is worthy of the most serious consideration. Oil is one of a large number of irritants, perhaps not the most important one, but if allowed to go unattended, it may bring about serious consequences.

The solution of this problem lies in the hands of Great Britain and the United States. Were they to reach an agreement, the rest would follow suit. The world struggle for oil is a myth. We know of no other struggle than the one between the British and American interests — a struggle in which they are supported by their respective governments. The rest of the world is practically out of it. The task of working for a solution of the oil problem has, therefore fallen upon England and the United States — the two countries most concerned.

The ways of diplomacy are many, but a few possibilities stand out so clearly that we cannot take leave without mentioning them. An international conference to discuss the further limitation of armaments must soon be called, if the nations are to escape from the crushing burden imposed by their military expenditures. The scope of such an assembly could be easily broadened so as to include within its sphere a thorough discussion of the oil situation. Or it may be more advisable to call a special conference devoted entirely to the question of oil. The League of Nations offers a third alternative. The United States could easily co-operate with the machinery established by the League without endangering her policy of "splendid isolation."

A thorough and scientific study of the oil problem has yet to be written. There is much valuable information here, and some interesting facts are brought to light; but there is also a marked tendency to indulge in superficial, therefore dangerous, generalization. To write history so that it should read like a novel is commendable enough, provided the author adheres closely to historic facts, but to write fiction and ask us to accept that as history is a practice that ought to be thoroughly condemned.

Herman Silverman.

THE FORSYTE GALSWORTHY AGAIN

THE WHITE MONKEY. By John Galsworthy.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

A few years ago, John Galsworthy visited America. Tall, thin, immaculately groomed, shy, refined, he stood before his audiences, and told them modestly of his writings. His personality expressed the great part of many of his works: it signified culture and good manners together with a sense of the sadness that there is in the world. In most of his books, Mr. Galsworthy combines the story of an English middle class family of aristocratic bearing with an undertone of the troubles of the laboring classes.

John Galsworthy has written some genuinely beautiful (pieces of work. "The Man of Property" and "The Free-lands" are to met his finest novels, illustrating as they do his talent for depicting in living detail the life of a group of English men and women of wealth and breeding versus the problems of the laborers: problems which "those on top" feel, either sympathise with or increase, and in the end leave much the same as they found them.

Sometimes Mr. Galsworthy treats almost exclusively of the working man. In his plays, "Justice" and "Strife", the rich man plays the role of the background, ever present, but never the protagonist. Of later years, especially since the war, the main spires of John Galsworthy's books have been his well-mannered and wealthier folk. In "The White Monkey", his newest book, of the world represented by the proletariat, are in a much lower key than the enigmas of human beings caused by the tremors of the heart.

"The White Monkey" is a novel of character rather than of plot. Mr. Galsworthy has made his story very incidental to the creation of his heroine, one of the long line of Forstyes whom many of us have been following through their saga. Fleur is not a pure Forstye—her mother is French. Fleur's mixed French-English blood is apparent in her striking beauty, in her exotic tastes, in her failure to know her own mind, in her many doubts about her heart and the hearts of others, and in her unquestionably, irresistible charm for all who come near her. She has the piquancy and the verve of the Gallic esprit coupled with the wholesomeness and the honesty of her English inheritance. Married to as courteous, devoted, adoring, and understanding an English husband as she could possibly have found, Fleur is for a time attracted to a bachelor whose wits are far more scintillating than those of her married mate. Her doubts as to her marriage are only very temporary. She soon returns to the sturdy arms of Michael, much more convinced of his affection and his suitability than she was when she stood at the altar with him.

Romance is only one of the many notes which Mr. Galsworthy strikes in his novel of England after the war. Through the minds of old Soames Forstye, Fleur's father, and the lord who is Michael's father, the English apostle of good manners and strong morals expresses his ideas on England and Europe after the war has played havoc with their finance and their

big business, as well as with the lives of their young men. England and its spirit breathe on every page—England that sees all and knows all and manages to settle most things with the least possible argument and the greatest possible refinement.

For as England is a clever nation, so English Mr. Galsworthy is a clever novelist. He writes about men and women of good manners living in beautiful homes surrounded by valuable possessions. Good manners, like good clothes, are attractive to all. Yet he makes his charming people humanly charming by investing them with the troubles and the problems that grow from muddled heads and puzzled hearts. Mr. Galsworthy is a romanticist of polish and refinements. These are his fetishes. He is a realist, too, a realist of character, who creates persons who live and suffer. In "The White Monkey" he has added to the world of letters by making of Fleur a completely captivating woman surrounded by the problems of the life oppolitics in England and the trials of love the world over.

Madelin Leof.

FOOLERY WITH A STING

THE FLOWER BENEATH THE FOOT.

By Ronald Firbank. New York: Brentano's. \$2.00.

"Really, it is not the business of the gods to bake clay pots."

MARIANNE MOORE.

The American edition of "The Flower Beneath the Foot" has an introduction, in a facsimile of the author's handwriting, by Mr. Firbank. In this respect, it is superior to "Prancing Nigger"; the interlocutor of that delightful minstrel show, Mr. Carl Van Vechten, labored under a compulsion, odd in so solemn and direct a writer, of being elliptical and fanciful. Mr. Van Vechten complained that certain "ladies" beat him with their parasols, because of his advocacy of Ronald Firbank; the inference was that the disciples were shocked. Perhaps they had merely discovered how their literary liquor was being "cut."

There is, then, no irritating clumsiness to dull the fine edge of one's current enjoyment of Mr. Firbank; even with the pages torn out, there remains a memory that there once was an introduction to "Prancing Nigger." "The Flower Beneath the Foot" has not the hilarious undertones, the integrated comedy, and the sure, sweet-eared simplicity of "Prancing Nigger". Its devices are more obviously literary and artificial. "Prancing Nigger" was a charmingly nonsensical happen-so; one held one's breath for fear something would break its easy flow. "The Flower" is a sophisticated travesty of court life, with its refrain of pathos in the variations upon the theme of the wistful cut blossoms: "Life's bound to be uncertain when you haven't got your roots."

The fascination of Mr. Firbank lies in his deft and allusive exploitation of the incongruities between a rapacious but infantile emotion and an intellect so surfeited on phantasy that it is precipitated into impotent disillusion in an acute state

of virginity. Her Dreaminess the Queen has the petulant pouts of a pretty, spoiled child of three. The tired King, like the monarch of A. A. Milne's engaging nursery rhyme in "When We Were very Young", wants to go to bed when perplexities are too much for him. His Weariness the Prince "Lacked innocence even as a child", and his protruding purple tongue and bland, impersonal lasciviousness are even now childishly irresponsible. The elderly Archduchess, revenging herself upon the unforgotten tyrannies of the nursery by paddling in puddles and fountains and brooks on all occasions, is pre-eminently a larval survival. Her proud Pi-pi's, with state documents in "the dear little boxes"—"in secrets, secrets"—for the convenience of a harassed humanity, and her insistent dwelling upon them is again the obsession of the lovable but naughty baby.

It is strange, yet inevitable, that there is a retreat to the more ascetic solaces of Rome in almost all of Mr. Firbank's books. One does not, in cloistered walls, give thought to the day, or the morrow. One is sustained and guided. One lives in the chilly glow of a raffish chasity; there is the remote but ecstatic irreality of the blow given, the blow received, the soft word spoken with the fingers intertwined, and heard with a hidden smile. What wonder then that wrists must bleed a little, to prick the bubble of an aimless, cloying dream.

The Queen of the Date-Lands and the Lady Ambassador from England are quite the most entertaining companions that anyone could wish. Mr. Firbank diminishes pomp with a malicious flicker of the eye-lid; the English ambassador is Sir Somebody Something. "The Flower" is witty, poignant, subversive of conventional morals, wayward, nonsensical, a little mad, but, always and always,—beautifully serious.

John W. Crawford.

ARNOLD WATERLOW. By May Sinclair. New York. The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

The days of "Mr. Waddington of Wyck" have gone by. Miss Sinclair has returned to the familiar ground of "Mary Olivier." We recognize no other than Mary Olivier herself in the new Sinclair novel: Mary reincarnated in the body, mind, and soul of one Arnold Waterlow, gentleman. Arnold, like Mary, is the one member of his family on whom affection is not lavished. He starves for parental love. He goes for his joy to the old books that line the walls of his father's study. Mrs. Waterlow is a reincarnation of Mary's mother, preferring her other children to Arnold, whose love for her is the deepest-dyed. Her favoritism is brought about, not by a mother-son complex, so much as by the jealousy which her attentions to her handsome offspring, Richard, arouses in her drunkard husband.

Arnold Waterlow is a beautiful soul. He is good, pure, kind, wise, loving. He is more than virtuous. He has in him the seeds of revolt against his straightlaced upbringing and these seeds he sows very generously when he falls in love. Love is his sole crime. He is what is rarer than a day in June: a magnanimous lover. After his temperamental wife,

Linda, leaves him for an even more temperamental pianist, Arnold finds for himself a mate, magnanimous as he. She too believes in her right to love. Her other characteristics are all unimpeachable.

Miss Sinclair has created two beautiful persons who are almost too good to be true. Her other actors — men and women who have more than a mere sprinkling of distasteful traits,—seem much more human. Miss Sinclair is a mixture of romance and realism. So is her newest novel. At times it is a picture of poverty, drunkenness, failure and despair. At other times it is a hymn to love that knows and understands and forgives all. A minute study of Arnold Waterlow and his associates Miss Sinclair has made, but we feel in it too many reminiscences of past books in this same Sinclair vein and too much romanticising about unselfishness and magnanimity.

M. L.

THE BACK OF THE BOOK. *By Margaret Leech.*
New York: Boni & Liveright.

In old arithmetic, answers to the problems were found in the back of the book. But there are no answers in the back of Miss Leech's book. The problem of what price emancipation is left dangling in midair. The heroine, Vergie Stilson, is a twin sister of Elinor Hoffman in Marion Spitzer's "Who Would be Free". Elinor Hoffman renounces a man with whom she has a fine mental relationship because she is incapable of anything more than an entirely peripheral emotional stimulation. Vergie Stilson refuses to sacrifice herself for a man whose attraction is entirely physical. Here is their unlikeness. Their likeness consists in the tremendous ego with which both young women are consumed and in whose roaring furnace all sympathy and understanding with any view point other than their own is burned to ashes. There is no love other than self love for these twentieth century Narcissi. In spite of their mental alertness, there is something almost pathological in their sexual passivity, which makes them infinitely less enviable than many of their less cerebral sisters.

Of the two books Miss Leech's contains the better writing. Both stories have the mark of a genuine and admirable sincerity but they are more like cases of Freud or Jung than intelligent girls of to-day. I was reminded of the Spoon River woman who said: "It takes life to love life." And somehow the lives of Vergie and Elinor do not seem very well worth living.

V. N.

CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS, *Edited by Stella Agnes McCarty.* Baltimore: Williams and Wilkins. \$3.00

We stand in need of a thorough study of the aesthetics of childhood, a study that will at once make real the operation of the child's expression and its relation to the expression of the adult artist. Questions arise frequently in the minds of the curious. What material does the child select? How does he manipulate it? What details does he accept or reject? Does the child select the central thread and proceed to work with that alone, or does he follow and use every point in the rhythm (much as jazz does)? What relation does the child's

expression bear to modern art, to dadaism, to the art of the primitives?

The present book answers several of the questions, but the answers, accurate within the limitation of the study, are inadequate because of these same limitations. The book is, however, valuable. It is pioneering and encouraging of further research. Now let the artist begin. He will give color and vitality to his study and its meaning in relation to other phases of human expression.

REVIEWS IN BRIEF

TALES OF A WESTERN MOUNTAINEER. *By C. E. Rusk.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50. An unadulterated, straightforward "record of mountain experiences on the Pacific Coast," not attempting magnitude, but achieving interest.

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL. *By Anne Douglas Sedgwick.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$2.00. France, the land of gaiety and sophistication and numerous affaires de coeur versus England, the home of Puritanism naiveté and marital fidelity are the basis of a charming romance sprinkled with Gallic esprit but built on English steadiness.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF MODERN BRITISH VERSE, *edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.00. Impresses one as a gleaning of other anthologies to reproduce poems a thousand times collected. Henley's "Invictus", Noyes' "The Highwayman"—and even the poems selected from the work of superior poets—should have long ago been left to anthologies

long ago prepared. Amid these "representative" (of what?) poems one is startled to find the unorthodox (and unrepresentative) "Snake" by D. H. Lawrence. This is almost about all one can thank Miss Rittenhouse for.

WINDY LEAF. *By France Gill.* New York: Macmillan. \$1.25. It seems to be the belief of many versifiers that if you cannot write well enough for intelligent adults, you can satisfy at least intelligent children.

WHITE-JACKET. *By Herman Melville.* New York: Oxford University Press. 80 cents. Number 253 in the excellent World's Classics, is certainly one of Melville's most tangy legends, with a neat introduction by the inspired schoolmaster, Carl Van Doren.

RAMBLES IN OLD LONDON. *By George Gordon.* Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company. \$4. Dr. Gordon, director of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, has compiled a magnificent volume, beautifully illustrated, full of interesting research and study about the fascinating city on the Thames.

THE UNCERTAIN FEAST. *By Solita Solona.* New York. G. P. Putnam & Sons. \$2.00.

A frankly sensational novel. The hero (who tells the tale, somewhat in the jerky telegraphic prose of Joyce,) discovers about page 250, that his wife has given birth to another man's child. On next to the last page, he pounds the desk with his fist and shouts—"By God. I'll see that the next one is mine." This is completely serious, from the the hero's (and evidently the novelist's) point of view. Judge for yourself.

THE DARK NIGHT. *By May Sinclair.* New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00. There is a white intensity about this poem born of the well-reined art of May Sinclair. The tale is usual, the people only details in the white intensity, but the poem is stark in its concentration. The tragedy of the story, the tragic fates of the characters, the tragedy of man and woman retold here, is never as surging as the tragedy inherent in the words, the movement, the tense succession of images. And this is as it should be.

THE OLD MEN OF THE SEA. *By Compton Mackenzie.* New York: Frederick Stokes and Company. \$2. Women are Mr. Mackenzie's forte. He should stick to them, rather than try blood-curdling adventure.

THOMAS THE LAMBKIN. *By Claude Farrere.* Authorized translation from the French by Leo Ongle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00. Here is a seventeenth century mystery melodrama that will make every separate hair stand on end and every separate tooth chatter.

SO MUCH VELVET. *By Franklin P. Adams.* New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.00. The man behind the Conning Tower of the New York World has collected some of his best verse of the year and embraced them in a bright binding. He now presents them to his devotees for their reading and to his new hearers for their certain entertainment. If we were to follow F. P. A's custom, and award a watch for the best piece, we should without a doubt pick "A Psalm of Freudian Life."

MR. AND MRS. HADDOCK ABROAD. *By Donald Ogden Stewart.* New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00. The great American hinterland receives many a sharp prick at the hands of America's mad wag in his newest satire of tempora and mores. Mr. Stewart takes his family of three from the corn belt to New York, puts them on an ocean liner, and leaves them unchaperoned in Paris. He has written the wildest, funniest book of his career, one that is sure to make you laugh out loud at the eccentricities of the People it

satirises, and at the nonsensical frivolities of its bright, young author.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY. *By Frances L. Wellman.* New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.00. The stories that Mr. Wellman has collected in his years before the bar will interest laymen as well as legal minds.

THE SLAVE SHIP. *By Mary Johnston.* Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00. The author of "To Have and To Hold" presents another adventure story with a background of American history.

THE SHOW-OFF. *By William Almon Wolf.* Boston: Little Brown and Company. \$2.00. Most of the

humor and pathos of George Kelly's play have been retained in Mr. Wolf's novelization of the Philadelphia bragger.

LORD OF THE SEA. By M. P. Shiel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

An amazing melange of Henry George, Alexander Dumas pere, and a riotous imagination, which triumphs even over a preposterously arrogant foreward by Carl Van Vechten. Mr. Shiel belongs to that category of subteaneously popular authors of whom Ambrose Bierce and Arthur Machen are the most illustrious ex-members. "The Lord of the Sea" goes far beyond the last jumping-off place of the ordinary imagination; it is, moreover, marked by a brilliant style, a rigorous logic (within its fantastic confines) and a glorious sense of the pageantry of power.
